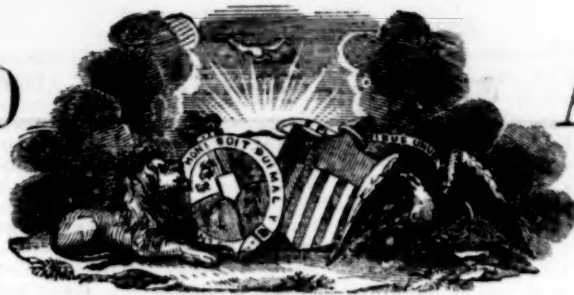


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EDITOR.



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WHAT IS LOVE?

What is love?—Go ask the child
Whose buoyant step runs free and wild,
What makes its little heart rejoice
Whene'er it hears its mother's voice?

What is love?—The maiden seek
Who wears a blush upon her cheek,
And ask that gentle maiden why
It deeper glows when *one* is by?

What is love?—The wife will tell,
Though pain and sickness near her dwell;
All she can bear, and bless her lot,
If one fond heart deserts her not.

What is love?—The mother ask,
Who labours o'er her daily task;
And if her infant does but sigh
Will watch at night with wakeful eye.

Unknown within the heart it springs,
And closely binds, and fondly clings;
It softens nature, turneth strife,
The tie of home, the charm of life."

OLD SONGS.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Old songs! old songs!—how well I sung
Your varied airs with childish tongue,
When breath and spirit, free and light,
Caroll'd away from morn till night;
When this beginning and that end
Were mystically made to blend,
And the 'Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill'
Gave place to her of 'Patie's Mill!'

Old songs! old songs!—how thick ye come,
Telling of childhood and of home,
When home forged links in Memory's chain
Too strong for Time to break in twain,
When home was all that home should be,
And held the vast rich world for me!

Old songs! old songs!—what heaps I knew,
From 'Chevy Chase' to 'Black-Eyed Sue';
From 'Flow, thou regal purple stream,'
To 'Rousseau's' melancholy 'Dream!'
I loved the pensive 'Cabin-Boy'
With earnest truth and real joy;
My warmest feelings wander back
To greet 'Tom Bowling' and 'Poor Jack';
And oh, 'Will Watch,' the smuggler bold,
My plighted troth thou'lt ever hold!

I doted on the 'auld Scots sonnet'
As though I'd worn the plaid and bonnet;
I went abroad with 'Sandy's Ghost,'
I stood with Bannockburn's brave host,
And proudly toss'd my curly head
With 'Scots! wha hae wi' Wallace bled!'
I shouted 'Commin through the rye,'
With restless step and sparkling eye,
And chased away the passing frown
With 'Bonnie ran the burnie down.'"

The tiny 'Warbler' from the stall,
The fluttering ballad on the wall,
The gipsy's glee, the beggar's catch,
The old wife's lay, the idiot's snatch,
The schoolboy's chorus, rude and witty,
The harvest strain, the carol ditty—
I tax'd ye all, I stole from each,
I spurn'd no tutor that could teach:
Though long my list, though great my store,
I'd ever seek to add one more.

Old songs! old songs!—ye fed, no doubt,
The flame that since has broken out,
For I would wander far and lone,
And sit upon the moss-wrapp'd stone,
Conning 'old songs,' till some strange power
Breath'd a wild magic o'er the hour,
Sweeping the pulse-chords of my soul,
As winds o'er sleeping waters roll.
'Twas done—the volume was unseal'd,
The hallow'd mission was reveal'd,
The die was thrown, the spell was cast,
I burst my earthly bonds at last!
'Old songs' call'd up a kindred tone—
An echo started!—'twas my own.
Joy, pride, and riches, swell'd my breast—
The lyre was mine, and I was blest.

Old songs! old songs!—my brain has lost
Much that it gain'd with pain and cost;
I have forgotten all the rules
Of 'Murray's' books and 'Trimmer's' schools;
Detested figures—how I hate
The mere remembrance of a slate!
How have I cast from woman's thought
Much goodly lore the girl was taught!
But not a word has pass'd away
Of 'Rest thee, Babe,' or 'Robin Gray!'

Sweet 'Rest thee, Babe'—oh peaceful theme,
That floated o'er my infant dream!
My brow was cool, my pillow smooth,
When thou wert sung to lull and soothe
By lips that only ceased the strain
To kiss my cheek, then sung again.
I loved the tune; and many a time
I humm'd the air and lisp'd the ryme.
Till winking 'neath its potent charms,
The kitten slumber'd in my arms.

Old songs! old songs!—how ye bring back
The fairest paths in mortal track!
I see the merry circle spread,
Till watchman's notice warn'd to bed;
When one rude boy would loiter near,
And whisper in a well-pleased ear,
'Come, mother, sit, before we go,
And sing 'John Anderson, my Joe.'

The ballad still is breathing round,
But other voices yield the sound;
Strangers possess the household-room;
The mother lieth in the tomb;
And the blithe boy that praised her song
Sleepeth as soundly and as long.

Old songs!—old songs!—I should not sigh—
Joys of the earth on earth must die;
But spectral forms will sometimes start
Within the caverns of the heart,
Haunting the lone and darken'd cell
Where, warm in life, they used to dwell.

Hope, youth, love, home—each human tie
That binds we know not how or why—
All, all that to the soul belongs,
It closely mingled with 'old songs.'
Ah, who shall say the ballad line
That stirs the heart is not divine!
And where the heart that would not dare
To place such 'song' beside the 'prayer!'

WANDERINGS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Wanderings in the Highlands and Islands, with Sketches taken on the Scottish Border; being a Sequel to "Wild Sports in the West." By W. H. Maxwell, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, Baily and Co.

This is a work in two volumes by the able author of the "Life of the Duke of Wellington," the "Wild Sports of the West," and other very popular productions.

This sequel to the "Wild Sports of the West" is written in the same buoyant spirit, and full of graphic descriptions, vivid images, and the recollections of elder times, dressed up in a novel and piquant manner. Sometimes, especially where the fair sex are spoken of, there is a degree of energy which may perhaps be best understood by applying to it the word *rattling*, and it almost exceeds the bounds of sober printed composition; but altogether the author is so jovial and hearty that we could not find fault, if we would, with an occasional touch of the ultra warm and picturesque in his feminine colouring.

So desultory are the volumes before us, that it is no matter how or where we begin to illustrate them. *In media res*—any where. The *Forty-five* is conjured up by a visit to the field of Preston, and treated in a very new style:—

"In number and appearance Cope's cavalry were respectable; but in every affair with the Highlanders, with very few exceptions, they proved rank cowards. Indeed, how they would conduct themselves when in the presence of an enemy may be imagined by their mode of action when at a safe distance from all danger. On the evening of the 16th of September, Colonel Gardiner, on receiving intelligence that Charles was slowly approaching the city, fell back with his two regiments of dragoons, and bivouacked for the night in a field in the neighbourhood of Leith. When the Highlanders entered Edinburgh next day, Gardiner retired in the direction of Dunbar, where Cope at the moment was debarking his army. Halting his men, he picketed his horses in a field between Preston Grange and Dauphinston, where they made the necessary preparations to stay all night; 'but a dragoon, seeking forage for his horse, between ten and eleven o'clock, fell into an old coal-pit that was full of water, and made such a noise that the dragoons thought that the Highlanders had got amongst them; and mounting their horses, made the best of their way to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner had gone to his own house, which was hard by, and locked the door when he went to bed, so that he heard nothing of the matter till next morning, when he rose and followed his men with a heavy heart; for the road to Dunbar was strewed with swords, pistols, and firelocks, which were

gathered together, and carried in covered carts to Dunbar, so that the flight of the two regiments should be little known to the army. The panic of these 'bold dragoons,' in the simple narrative of the historian, is truly laughable. A fellow pops into a coal-pit, roars 'murder' lustily, and off gallop two regiments of horse! The colonel, 'good easy man,' has taken his *doch-an-duris*, put on his night-cap, locked the hall-door, and, 'sound as a watchman,' hears nothing of what passes. To an inquiry in the morning anent 'his charge of horse,' a *non est inventus* is returned; and hearing they had headed towards Dunbar, thither he proceeds, wondering, no doubt, what the devil had driven them off in such a hurry. The death of Gardiner, which so immediately followed this disgraceful affair, renders it almost indelicate to smile at any thing connected with his memory. He was not only a good but a gallant man—and, compared with the rubbish who held commands, an able and valuable soldier. But really locking the hall-door first, and losing two regiments of dragoons afterwards, is such an anti-peninsular proceeding, that one cannot recall it without a smile. We can fancy the reception a colonel of cavalry would have met with from the 'iron duke,' had he on some blessed morning presented himself at headquarters with a couple of cart-loads of tools and traps, and a delicate inquiry if any intelligence had transpired of what had become of the proprietors!"

Some amusing remarks follow, on the especial fondness which innkeepers entertain for having their portraits executed; but we have only room for the finale:—

"I had occasion to keep an appointment in the city, and, mistaking 'the trysted time,' found myself a full hour in advance. The interval was too short to induce me to go elsewhere, too long to look over the bridge, and count the population of a steamer. It was fortunately an hour at which a man might dine; and I popped into one of those comfortable houses—half gin-palace half hotel—in which you obtain east-end accommodation at west-end prices. The room I was shewn into was large, papered and furnished with vile taste, and further disfigured with coloured prints and family portraits. But all these enormities were merged in one engrossing abomination. It was an oil-painting, in a massive gilt frame that reached from the surbase to the ceiling, representing an impudent-looking boy of eighteen. The figure was the size of life; the costume intended to be a very reflection from 'the glass of fashion'; but in this the artist had been unsuccessful, for his habiliments hung on the person of the young gentleman about as naturally as the block-coat does on the door of an advertising tailor. The appearance of a groom and horses in the background, the presence of a silver mounted whip, and the action of drawing on a lemon-coloured kid-skin over a finger ornamented with a brilliant shew that the youth was about to exercise 'on horseback.' But he was hatless; hair elaborately curled, and with all that inartificial arrangement which, in a thirty-shilling wig, looks more natural than nature, and is, 'warranted to defy detection.' In one thing the limner had succeeded: the air and expression were not to be mistaken; no feature bore the remotest affinity to a gentleman's; for there stood the very impersonation of a pot-boy in masquerade. I was still gazing at the daub, when the waiter came in to lay the cloth, and innocently mistook my fixed stare for the ardent gaze of admiration. 'That's our young gent you're looking at, sir.' 'Your young gent?' I added, carelessly. 'Yes, sir—and very like too.' 'And who the devil is that curly, carrot-headed puppy intended to pass for?' 'Pass for! Why it's our young gove'nor, Master Dick—him wot was drawin' at the engine, as you passed the bar.' 'Ay—that saucy-looking young scoundrel who was serving half-and-half to a soldier?' 'Sir!' 'Never mind the cloth, my friend,' I said as I seized my hat and cane. 'Present my compliments to 'Master Dick,' and tell him I have bestowed my aversion upon him; and add further, that I'll settle upon him sixpence a-day for life, if he'll have that impertinent daub burned by the common hangman, and enter into security to keep the original out of my sight for ever!' 'But won't you dine, sir?' 'Dine, fellow! Dine in the same room with Dick? No—not if you give me the dinner gratis, and throw the silver spoons into the bargain.'"

Our next move is towards the *ultima Thule*; at the Orcades, Maxwell writes;—"The upright stones for Druid worship; the barrow where the island-kings repose; the Pictish house, where the Norseman burrowed; the Teutonic fort, to where the serf retired for refuge when the white sail was seen upon the ocean, and told that the rover was afloat; all equally indicate, by the labour they must have cost, the enthusiasm of a wild religion, or the insecurity of a barbarous age. I am no antiquary, and am far too old to learn the art. It would be the spoil of me to go through the ordeal; for the same cause to which our little Celtic quarter-master—poor Donald Stuart—used to ascribe a headache in the morning,—oblivious that on the night before he had discussed a dozen tumblers of diluted alcohol—to wit, 'late reading and heavy spectacles,' would bring me to the grave. I believe that, of all people, *virtuosi* are among the greatest asses upon earth. On a cod-fish you may impose a goose-feather for a fly, and on an antiquary pass a brass basin currently as the helmet of Mambrino."

Antiquaries not finding favour in the eyes of our satirist, we shall leave them to their natural disregard and contempt for his opinion; and set before our readers his lively account of the Border marriages, as exemplified near Cornhill in the county of Berwick:—

"I am," he says truly, "somewhat digressive,—all great men digress,—myself, Byron, Joe Hume, and others. I was also oblivious that I was withholding from you information that might be of more importance than the private history of every salmon in the Tweed. Immediately abutting on this exquisite pool—in fact its left flank resting on the river—the first house you encounter on the Scottish side is an unpretending edifice, one story high and roofed with tiles. Humble as its exterior may be, pass it with reverence; for that is the temple of Hymen, and there its chief-priest resides. I know, my dear Jack, that you are no fortune-hunter—but still, should it please the Lord to promiscuously (as they call it in Ireland) throw some lady of Miss Angela Coutts's calibre in your way, why, I suppose, the lady's charms would overcome all other objections, and you would take her with all encumbrances, Strand and Stratton Place inclusive. In such case, avoid Gretna—it's common-place—and let Coldstream be your destination. First house right hand out of England, mind that; priest of the order of St. Crispin, tacks soles together in the morning, and souls 'i'th afternoon'; ordinary charge, ten shillings; time, five minutes; certificate printed, making the thing genteel, and conveying an idea of correct hymeneals to the irritated family of your lady wife, when some forty-second cousin ventures to breathe your name with proper caution, lest the mother should become hysterical, or the papa apoplectic. By the way, there is another establishment up the town, on the cheap-and-nasty system, like an Old Bailey beef-shop; fee only half-a-crown; but whiskey expected for the witnesses; in short, like the stipend of a minister, it's money and malt combined. No dependance on the artist; occasionally too drunk to articulate; unable to affix his sign-manual; and the thing comes off lamely. For these valuable statistics I am indebted to the landlady next door. A public (as they call it ere) is a valuable appendage. Should either party shy, nothing like alcohol,

'naked or in company,' to overcome maiden modesty, or screw to the sticking-place the courage of a gentleman half inclined to bolt before the indissoluble knot is tied. Fancy not, my dear Jack, that fugitive applicants for hymeneal rights are confined to 'the gay licentious throng.' Far graver personages have here submitted to this silken bondage. I cannot name any at present on the bench of bishops who have recently committed matrimony at Coulson Bridge; but what think ye of three chancellors deserting the woollack to be tacked by disciple of St. Crispin! It only proves that the highest authorities of the land admit the veracity of old saws, and that after all, 'there is nothing like leather!' I have been elaborately descriptive of Coulson Brig, anent its northern end, where stands the dwelling of the priest of Hymen. To me, sinner that I am, in declining that sublimation of human bliss appertaining to comfortable house-keeping, to wit, the *placens uxor*, the English extremity of the bridge is more seductive."

Here the salmon-fishing is extremely good; but we cast not our line in the pleasant place, but on to Carlisle, with a droll companion and a capital story.

"Twisel Castle was erected by the owner of the noble house which confront sit—and from extent and elevation it must have entailed a heavy expenditure on the designer. As an architectural object it is an abomination, and what its interior arrangements were to have been will soon be a question for the antiquary. It is really a painful object. Costly and beautiful stone-work staring you from an imposing hill, a very monument of human eccentricity. Were it regularly ruined, from Tillmouth House, Twisel Castle would be a picturesque feature—a very dear one, certainly, but still a striking one; but, as it stands, it is a mere excrescence on the landscape—a memorial of the extent to which human fancy or folly (they are nearly synonymous) will run. 'How very strange,' I said, 'that a building on which such an immense outlay must have been undergone should be permitted to remain incomplete.' 'It's na very wonderful, after a,' returned the little traveller beside me; 'it's nae every ane, ye ken, that can make a pipe, but there's unco few that canna mak a cuttie.' 'Pipes and cutties!' I replied, 'what the deuce have they to say to the finishing of Twisel Castle?' 'Weel, I'll explain, that,' returned the smoke-dried gentleman, 'if ye dinna mind list'nin' to an auld story.' I assured my companion that I was all attention; and after he had refreshed himself with an extensive pinch of high toast, he thus continued:—'Weel,' said the old lowlander, 'I'll tell ye how the sayin' came about. There was a wright ance in Kelso, and he had but one son. The boy was but a weakly body, and the feyther thought he would bring him up till a trade easier to work at than his ain, and sae he made his mind up to bind him to a tailor. Weel, Jock was bound, but, at the end of a year, the tailor sent him hame; he was waur than useless, for what he sewed, another apprentice had to rip out. 'What will we do with the bairn?' said the feyther. 'Ech! I can hardly guess,' answered the guide-wife; 'I fear sair that we'll make naethin' o' him, after a.' 'Na,' replied the gudeman, 'it was the trade itsel'; tailorin', ye ken, cramps the legs, and maybe crampit Jock's gait; the boy disna want heed.' 'Heed he has enough,' said the auld woman, 'it's the biggest in the town, but there's naethin' in that, ye ken.' Well, to shorten the story, Master Jock was next intrusted to a shoemaker; but alas! to use the old Scotchman's words, 'if he was ill at stichin' claithe, he was waur far at yerking leather'; and after a short probation, like Bob Acres' 'unmentionables,' Jock was declared 'incapable,' and returned, for the second time, to his affectionate parents. What was to be done now! For the fine arts the son of the worthy wright had evidently no fancy, for his efforts at constructing breeches or Bluchers had turned out equally unsuccessful. At last the guidwife remembered she had a far-off cousin, a pipe-maker in Carlisle. That would be just the trade—there could be surely neither labor nor ingenuity required in fabricating a tobacco-pipe. Accordingly the man of clay was applied to; and he having consented to receive his kinswoman's son, of whose talents and amiability a flattering description had been given, Jock, for the third time, left his paternal roof-tree. Six months passed; and, anxious to ascertain what progress the young pipe-maker had made, the old wright crossed the border, and proceeded to 'merrie Carlisle.' Why that ancient city had obtained that pleasant *sobriquet* appeared paradoxical, if the other residences of the inhabitants were circumstanced like that of the pipe-maker. Within there was every thing but hilarity; for, on the arrival of the wright he found the man of clay belabouring his heir-apparent, who, in return, was shouting murder lustily. The floor covered with a basketful of shattered pipes; and, from the attitude and cause of action of the master and disciple, it was quite apparent at a glance that Jock was the *origo mali*. 'What the de'il's the matter?' said the wright. 'The matter!' responded the artist in pipe-clay, 'keek upon the flure, and ye need na speer the cause, mon.' 'Ech! it was, nae doubt, an axident.' 'Axident! what the devil satisfaction's that? The stupid loon has smashed mair pipes in a minute than I can mak in a week.' 'Weel, weel, Jock must be the busier, and where he made one pipe before, he maun now mak twa.' 'Mak pipes!' exclaimed the man of clay, 'he'll never mak one till atarnity.' 'And can he no mak a pipe?' inquired the incredulous carpenter. 'Na,' returned the irritated artist, with a bitter grin, as he picked a dozen shankless ones from the floor; 'but I'll gie ye a crum o' comfort, mon. Search the hail country, aist and west, an' I'm damned—Lord pardon me for swearin'—if ye find sic a han' as your son is for makin' cutties!' How true that homely adage! I have seen a patrimony, old as the conquest, pass into the stranger's possession; an heiress in the workhouse; a gem that had once glittered in the bridal *trousseau* of a countess sparkling on the tawny neck of the help-mate of an Israelite; studs under hammer at 'the corner'; fox-hounds dispersed; and, upon inquiry, though the owners never could make pipes, like honest Jock; they were superior hands—at making cutties!"

We think we had better now make Maxwell's pipe into our cutty; and we do so with the record of a remarkable fact in natural history:—

"It was early in June—a heavy *spaight* had swelled the river—the eel-fry had come up the stream—and, like Cockneys in whitebait season, the trouts, great and small, rejected fly and worm, and would stand nothing short of the new delicacy just introduced by the last fresh. Peter, of course, obliged to accommodate himself to the prevailing taste of the river, was angling with a diminutive eel, when, lo, the bait was taken, and away went the footline slowly towards the opposite bank. Peter's gear was stout, and he pulled accordingly, as the hooked-one headed towards the roots of an alder, which, projecting into the water, many a time had saved a stricken trout, and left the fisherman lamenting. The movement of the victim was very singular. It was not the arrowy transit of the trout, glancing from bank to bank, or shooting wildly down the pool, as if determined to burst away from every thing which could enthrall his freedom. At last Peter brought his victim to the surface—and, behold, it was a water-rat! A Highland terrier that had followed him saw and took part in the proceedings; the rat dived, was again and again brought up, and finally killed by the dog, just as he would have achieved his deliverance by cutting the foot-line through."

SCENES IN INDIA.

From "Reiniscences of a Light Dragoon."

FEVER AND CHOLERA—HOSPITAL SCENES—CHANGE OF QUARTERS—PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

It was now the season of the year when the maladies peculiar to this climate usually show themselves; and, in spite of all the precautions that were used to hinder it, fever and cholera both broke out among us. Terrible was the havoc which they made in our ranks. At breakfast-time, or on the early parade, ten men might appear in perfect health,—within an hour half the number would be taken ill, and ere sun-set the greater portion of them would die. The hospital became, as may be imagined, a scene of complicated horrors. Providence was kind to me, so that as a patient I had no cause to visit it; but hearing one day that my cousin had been carried thither in a raging fever, I proceeded to nurse him. I never saw such a sight. With respect to my poor relative, he was already insensible, and in less than half an hour he expired. But elsewhere objects that both shocked and harrowed met my gaze on every side. There stood the Doctor,—a kind and a skilful man,—with his sleeves tucked up and his arms crimsoned. Several assistants were near with basins in their hands to receive the blood which he took from the sick men's veins, while of the sick themselves, some were raving mad, others gloomy and desponding, others wholly insensible—the spark going out in these last one after another. There could be little of order or regularity in disposing of the bodies of those who in such numbers, and so rapidly, paid the last debt of nature. Every morning a couple of carts came to the hospital, and in these the corpses were removed to the public cemetery, where not a few, attended only by the comrades who loved them most, went to the sleep which knows no waking. Let me not, however, dwell upon events, the remembrance of which will hang by me through life, and ever in sorrow; indeed, I will quit this subject altogether after I shall have described a little adventure which befel me, not unconnected with it, though partaking more of the ludicrous than the pathetic.

When sickness broke out our men became divided into two classes, one of which the thought of the precariousness of their position sobered, while in the other it produced diametrically the opposite effect. These last, in order to drown care, drank hard and lived merrily; and strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that of them nine out of ten escaped. To my shame be it spoken, the example of these reckless lives had more influence over me than that which the graver men set, and I drank, in consequence, harder during the prevalence of that epidemic than ever I did before or have ever done since; the result on one occasion was this.

There was a standing order from the Surgeon, that whenever any of the men were observed to take to their beds, or lounge upon them at unbecoming seasons, the Serjeant of the day should direct them to be removed at once to the hospital. It happened, once upon a time, that my comrade and I having gone together to the bazaar for the purpose, as I well remember, of purchasing a glass for my watch, we were asked by a native merchant whether or not we should like to be supplied with a bottle of superlatively good wine. Such a suggestion was not to be neglected, so we adjourned to his tent, and there, together with a little bread and cheese, consumed between us three bottles of Cape, which the honest man sold to us for genuine Madeira. The wine proved too much for us. To walk home with it was out of the question, so we ordered a covered bullock-car, drawn by two animals, and jogged along in this clumsy vehicle towards the barracks. Arrived there, nothing would content us but a dram of arrack; and the vile spirit coming immediately upon the scarcely less deleterious wine, placed us at once *hors de combat*. We staggered to our beds and were both fast asleep in a moment.

How long I had lain in a state of unconsciousness I cannot tell; but a vivid dream, in which I saw that the regiment had marched, leaving me behind, at length awoke me. It was pitch dark. I sat up in my bed, rubbed my eyes, tried to collect my thoughts, but could not. One of my arms, moreover, being somewhat stiff, tended still more to confuse me. In a word, I was completely distracted. Accordingly, I stretched my hand towards the wall, in order to ascertain whether boots, saddle, accoutrements, &c., continued to hang where it was my custom to arrange them. They were not there—and the conviction became strong that it was no idle dream of which I was the victim, but that I had indeed been abandoned by my comrades. Full of alarm, I sprang out of bed, and determining to make my way to the apartment in which troop A used to be stationed, I rushed towards what I conceived to be the bolted door of my own, and pressed the whole weight of my body against it.

A door it doubtless was which in this strange way I had encountered, and as it did not happen to be so much as on the latch, the result to myself was a roll heels over head. Not having sustained any injury, however, I immediately gathered myself up again, and in the very bitterness of grief shouted out, "Are you all gone?"

A feeble voice, the tones of which were not unfamiliar to me, replied by demanding, "Is that you, George?"

"To be sure it is," was my answer. "In the name of fortune where am I?"

"Don't you know?" was the reply.

"Know?" answered I, "how should I! Is the regiment gone, and are you and I left to die here together?"

"No, to be sure not, but you are in the hospital."

"In the what?"

"In the hospital—you and your comrade were brought in yesterday afternoon, both labouring under apoplectic fits; and if you had done what was right and becoming, you would have been a dead man by this time."

In an instant the whole truth flashed across me, and the adventure appeared so ridiculous, that, hurrying back to my bed, I there indulged in a hearty fit of laughing. Neither was the disposition to be merry removed when daylight exhibited my comrade, lying on the opposite side of the room, and wondering, as I had done when I first awoke, where he was, or whether his identity had not changed. The result of the whole affair was, however, this. After learning that the Serjeant on duty, a young and rash man, had ordered us to be carried into hospital, without so much as waking us to ascertain how we were, and that the Surgeon took from each of us on the instant thirty ounces of blood, the loss of which only caused us to sleep the more soundly, we were given to understand that we should again be visited in our turns by the medical staff, as well as by the Colonel and Adjutant of the regiment. Accordingly, at the fitting time, the whole of these gentlemen entered, and our cases were stated to the Commandant, not, as I imagined, without a very quizzical expression in the countenance of him who reported upon us. We, too, were sorely puzzled to keep our gravity; but the mock examination ended in our being told to return to our quarters, and to take care how we put ourselves wantonly in the way of again being removed, as apoplectic subjects, into the hospital.

There died of the fever at this time not fewer than one hundred and twelve men, besides women and children, belonging to the 11th Dragoons. Our excellent Surgeon also, Dr. O'mally, fell a sacrifice to his indefatigable zeal and at-

tention, and Capt. Nowlan and the Paymaster soon followed. Neither was the mortality confined to us; of the 87th Infantry, as well as the Company's Artillery, many sunk under the disease, and the deaths among the native troops were to the full as numerous. At last, however, the monsoons set in, and with them came a complete relief from the pressure of the disease; occasionally a man would die, but the violence of the distemper had passed away, and we were enabled in consequence to enjoy ourselves both within doors and without, as far at least as a ceaseless fall of heavy rain would allow; and in truth the violence with which the floods came down surpassed everything of which I could have formed an idea. I have seen the barrack-square converted in less than an hour into a tank or pond, in which there was a depth of two feet of water, through which swarms of small fish were swimming, very much, as may be imagined, to our astonishment, and greatly to the delight of the natives. Neither were we long left in doubt as to the causes of the phenomenon. One day I was suddenly invited to watch with my comrades the progress of a water spout, the formation of which was going on at no great distance from the cantonments. I saw a column of water rise from a flooded meadow, and rush up, as it seemed, to meet a dense cloud that had gathered over it; the sun, too, happening to shine out at the moment, and to cast his rays obliquely upon the pillar, the effect was more beautiful than I have language to describe; and when in a few minutes afterwards the continuity of the pillar was broken, the spray from its lower portion fell over us as if it had been a shower of diamond sparks. It was not so with the heavily-laden cloud, which likewise in due time discharged its contents upon our heads. We read and hear of rain that resembles the pouring of water out of buckets: I never till that day was able to believe that there was any substantial picture in the simile. Nor was this all; with the rush of waters came down shoals of fish, some of them of a size sufficient to excite the cupidity of the natives, who, attacking them with nets and buckets, conveyed them to their houses, and speedily converted them into material for a substantial supper.

So long as the monsoons last, the whole surface of the country is under water, and for a little while after the floods abate, the sterility is excessive. But in process of time vegetation begins, and the grass springs up, and the flowers blow with a rapidity which to the European strangers seems well nigh miraculous. Neither can the salubrity of the climate, while this state of things continues, be surpassed in any part of the world. I never experienced a more delicious temperature than that to which we were generally subject, from the end of October to the beginning of March. I never beheld a scene more delicately luxuriant and rich than the fields and meadows and woods presented during a considerable portion of that interval.

At last, the season of relief came round; and the 8th Light Dragoons having arrived from Meerut, we received orders to pack up and march, for the purpose of occupying the station which they had abandoned. To such as have not witnessed in India the march of a regiment of cavalry, it would be no easy task to convey an idea of the extraordinary spectacle which is presented by it. Let my readers bear in mind, that troops never move in our Eastern possessions without carrying their market and their market people along with them. The bazaar, indeed, is not attached to the station, but to the corps; and the dealers being all regularly enrolled, must either go with the regiment whithersoever it may proceed, or cease to hold their licenses as merchants. Hence, the night preceding the day on which the corps is to set out, all the tents in the bazaar are struck. Away then proceeds the motley crew, bullocks, cows, camels, horses, and here and there elephants, transporting their goods; and as the site of each day's encampment is beforehand explained to them, they are generally ready to receive the troops when they arrive, and to provide them with the necessary refreshments. Meanwhile, at the first sound of the trumpet, the tents required to lodge the regiment on its march are packed upon the backs of camels and elephants. The former class of animals carries one tent, the latter two; and when the enormous size of the machine is taken into account, as well as the pegs, lines, and mallets required in pitching it, the strength of both beasts of burthen—especially of the elephant—surpasses our power of computation. Moreover, as each baggage-animal has its company of attendants, each troop horse its native groom, and each man his servant, and each officer his half-dozen at least, I am sure that I do not place the numbers too high when I say, that for one trooper there are at least fifteen followers in the camp. I cannot, indeed, compare the march of the Eleventh to any thing more appropriate than the flight of the Israelites out of Egypt; for the column, though in point of numbers respectable enough, was absolutely obscured even on the line of march, by the swarms of men, women, children, and beasts of burthen, that surrounded it.

The march, which begins at an early hour in the morning, generally continues till about nine, when the tents are pitched, and other preparations made to pass both the day and night on the ground. It is astonishing to see the enormous extent of that encampment. Our single regiment, for example, covered much more than a square mile of country, for the horses are picketed at wide intervals from each other, and the tents of the several troops pitched so as to keep the horses of the one apart from those of the other. Some way in rear again, stand the officers' tents, all set up in a row, like the street of a town; while further back still, is the bazaar—its town, and a very bustling town too, where every thing that is to be had in Calcutta may be purchased, though the corps be in the very heart of the jungle. Neither is the process by which we arrive at this state of order more akin to the operations of a mounted regiment in Europe, than the aspect of the Indian camp, resembles that of the camp of the western hemisphere. The word is no sooner given to halt, and dismount, than we hand over our chargers to our native grooms. By them they are led to water, dressed, fed, and otherwise arranged, while we apply ourselves first to the business of breakfast, and then to the search after as many novelties, as the state of the bazaar may afford. But if we lead an easy life by day, it cannot be said that we enjoy much of quiet during the night; then all the brutes, whether horses or camels, seem to break loose. There is a continual floundering over the tent-cords—a continual shouting of people—a continual neighing of steeds, inasmuch that he who has self-command enough to close an eye, or snatch an hour's sound sleep, need not distrust his own power of obtaining rest should he be thrown into any situation whatever.

I have neither the design nor the necessary qualifications to describe either the customs of the people, or the political condition of the country. Abler pens than mine have accomplished both tasks before me, and I have I any ambition to bring my poor talents into competition with them. But the incidents which befel myself, and the adventures that occurred to others, I am bound to relate, even at the risk of saying over again what others have said, far more pleasantly.

On the seventh day from the evacuation of Cawnpore, we reached Feruckabad, which we found occupied by a considerable garrison, consisting entirely of the Company's troops. It is a pleasant place, having a market, which is well supplied with vegetables, more especially with the potato, of which a short while previous to our visit, the natives had never seen a specimen; and being

built upon one of the banks of the Ganges, it enjoys at the same time the means of easy and direct transit for its produce. We did not however linger here more than a few days. By easy stages we proceeded onwards; and on the 6th of December, arrived at the place of our destination.

Meerut, which lies beyond Cawnpore somewhere about two hundred and seventy-five miles, struck me as being by far the most desirable station which we had as yet occupied since we landed at Fort William. Situated on the edge of an extensive plain, over which the winds from every quarter sweep freely, it is, beyond all question, more congenial to the constitutions of Europeans than any of the towns or cantonments that lie nearer the sea. Moreover, it forms the head-quarters of a large force, consisting of four troops of Horse Artillery, of one European and one Native Cavalry regiment, of one regiment of European Infantry, and two, if not three, of Sepoys. From among these, their wives and children, as well as because of the number of civilians that are also settled there, an extremely agreeable society is formed; and the habits of all classes being gregarious in the extreme, the intercourse kept up among them was of the closest. Then, again, on the plain we found ample space to manoeuvre and to exercise; and for other matters, whatever a man's tastes might be, in reference to his out-door pursuits and athletic amusements, here ample opportunity was afforded of indulging them. We had cricket, long-ball, and rackets,—there was capital angling in the tanks, all of which swarmed with fine fish. There was shooting of every description—not omitting to particularize that of the tiger itself,—and more than one magnificent carcase brought in testified to the skill and energy with which our officers pursued it. Indeed, I may sum up my commendations of the place by stating that I have no recollection that the time hung, throughout our sojourn there, heavy on our hands; and as to its influence upon our health, we soon began to wear again the same florid hues and filled-up frames that used to adorn us at home.

We had occupied these quarters some time,—having been visited in the interval by Sir Edward Paget,—when a rumor began to circulate that between the East India Company and the Rajah of Bhurtpore ground of dispute had arisen. The Rajah in question, Doorjan Saal, had, as is well known, set aside his nephew, and, ascending the throne, began ere long to exhibit a disposition the reverse of friendly towards the English. Inhabiting a place which had never yet opened its gates to an enemy, and which, though thrice assaulted in Lord Lake's day, had thrice repulsed the assailants, he regarded himself, and was by the people of Hindostan in general regarded, as the only King throughout that vast continent who might be expected to counterbalance or hold in check the power of the strangers. Hence, having quarrelled, no matter about what, with the English Government, he could not be prevailed upon, either by threats or remonstrances, to make the smallest concession; and on our part preparations began by degrees to be made towards curing him of his obstinacy, by depriving him at once of his fortress and his power.

It is no business of mine to remark on the steps which are taken by those high in power, and, as such, quite out of the sphere of a private soldier; but I only repeat what were the universal whispers in the Army when I state that every necessary arrangement for carrying on the war with vigor was begun and completed by Sir Edward Paget. He was still in command of the troops in India when the necessity for war became apparent, and he it was who managed, in spite of the heavy drain occasioned by the operations that were in progress elsewhere, to draw an army together, and to supply it with such materiel as to render a failure under the walls of this famous citadel all but impossible. He did not, however, reap either the renown or the profit which attended the execution of plans which he had wisely laid. Just before active operations began his successor arrived from England, and, with a generosity which was considered at the moment well nigh to overpass its legitimate limits, he instantly resigned the command. Now there was no necessity for this. It was noble, indeed, and chivalrous, because it enabled another to gather the crop which his wisdom had sown, matured, and brought to the very season of harvest,—but I do not believe that the rules of the Service required it; and I know that the issues were by all ranks among us greatly deplored. I have nothing to say against Lord Combermere. He was, and is, an excellent officer, and richly merits whatever good fortune may have attended him. But Sir Edward Paget's name stands at least as high, and the soldiers that served under him could not but lament that he threw into other hands the prize for which he had played, and which he had won. However, this is a subject with which I have no concern; so I return, without further preamble, to my own narrative.

THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND DESTINATION OF THE SOUL.

Written at Margate in the latter end of December 1793 by the Right Honorable Warren Hastings.

CHAPTER VI.

ON THE EMPLOYMENTS OF THE SOUL IN ITS FUTURE STATE.

CONCLUSION.

Though I have designedly avoided the use of arguments drawn from the scriptural writings in support of the system which I have endeavoured in this discussion to establish, yet I hope and trust that I have not advanced any opinion which is repugnant to them. On the contrary, were I to address myself only to my fellow Christians, I could produce from the New Testament abundant passages which apply as direct proofs to the most essential points of my own doctrine. A few examples may suffice. The promise made by Our Blessed Saviour on the cross to one of his fellow-sufferers proves that the soul may exist after its separation from the body in its pure and unmixed state. His ascent to heaven in his own body, and the sublime discourse of St. Paul upon the resurrection, are assurances of the re-union of the soul and body in the life to come. The revival of the prophet Elias in the person of St. John the Baptist, affirmed on the authority of Christ himself, is an instance of the migration of the soul into a new body; and the whole moral law, as delivered by him in this simple injunction, "love one another," and so finely illustrated by his apostle in his well-known enumeration of the duties incumbent on us under the general name of charity, is benevolence. Having brought my argument to this point, I shall close it with a few detached thoughts upon that virtue, which I have supposed to be the essence of all moral perfection, and the completion of our future and eternal felicity.

Benevolence is that affection of the mind which participates in the good or evil which may befall our fellow creatures; prompting its wishes, and impelling its active endeavours to promote the former, and repel or alleviate the latter. It is not confined to our own species; but expands itself to every being that possesses the consciousness of pleasure or pain. It is the sentiment, not the subject, that constitutes its essence. The Indian maiden who tends and cherishes the plants which grow around her dwelling, and thinks she contributes to their happiness, exercises upon them the genuine virtue of benevolence, although they are insensible of its effects. It is the basis of every virtue. Even

those which seem confined to our own person are such only when they have this for their object; and cease to be such when they are practised solely with a view to some end of self-gratification. By chastity, temperance, and sobriety we preserve our bodily functions from premature decay, and fit ourselves for performing the offices of life which sickness would impede, and render us an unequal charge on the benevolence of others. By diligence and economy we may be enabled to relieve the wants and contribute to the happiness of others who have been less providential or less successful than ourselves; and, above all, to acquit ourselves of our duty to those whom we are bound to provide for. But chastity, temperance, sobriety, diligence, and economy, degenerate into their opposite vices, sensuality and avarice, if we employ the blessing of health only to perpetuate or heighten our enjoyments, and our wealth in multiplying our comforts, in displaying the objects of our pride, and in providing against imaginary wants.

One of the most remarkable instances of chastity that we read of is recorded in the life of our Edward, surnamed the Confessor, who, having wedded a young, beautiful, and virtuous wife, abandoned her on the day of his nuptials, and devoted himself to a life of celibacy, because the bigots, to whom he resigned the guidance of his will, told him (and he, a bigot, believed it) that by this sacrifice he should purchase eternal salvation. By this conduct he obtained the credit of sanctity with his subjects; he is held up as a pattern of the most exalted virtue by the historians of the age in which he lived; and even the writers of later and more enlightened times have represented him as a good and pious man, erring with the best and purest intentions; and they, too, dignify his imbecility with the name of virtue. Virtue! no, it was the mean and grovelling instinct of self-love, sustaining itself on the false principles of a religion as foreign from the humane and rational morality of the Gospel as it was contrary to natural justice, to the fidelity which he had vowed to his queen at the altar, and to the rights of the people who were confided to his care and protection. From the first he withheld every comfort which she was entitled to from her union with him, and cut her off, as far as it lay in his power, from all the sources of social happiness. The latter he devoted to civil war, foreign conquest, and final desolation. But he made an ample provision for his own interest, and that was all he cared for. His continence was a virtue of a kind to the temperance of a gambler, who dieted himself upon light broths, that he might play with a sure advantage against his antagonists, who came with bodies inflamed and torpid minds from the excesses of the banquet. Neither the one nor the other, perhaps, had any pleasure in the misery which they dealt to others but as it was necessary to the schemes of happiness which each had designed for his own behalf. This alone was the motive of both; and as to the consequences, if they thought of them at all, they regarded them as mere matters of course, and alien from their concern.

The social virtues are all founded on benevolence. Generosity, compassion, humanity, are only different terms expressive of the same sentiment applied to different objects. Justice, in its distributive sense, is benevolence limited to those things which belong to another in his own right; in its retributive sense, it is the interdiction and punishment of wrong, which is the offence against benevolence. And the other virtues are all, in like manner, resolvable into this, and all flow primarily from it. It is, therefore, the sure criterion by which a judgment may be formed of all moral actions. That deed which hath for its end the good of any other living being besides its agent may be denominated virtuous; and the reverse is the character of that by which the agent seeks only to obtain a benefit for himself, to the wrong of any other being. But an injury may be done to another without imputation on the perpetrator of it, if done in the pursuance of a motive laudable in itself; and much more so, if done in obedience to a positive duty. A man who, in defence of his own or his neighbour's property, wounds or kills the assailant of it, is justified in both cases by the motive, and does an act highly meritorious in the last. A magistrate who, to quell an illegal insurrection, orders a military force to fire upon the insurgents, after having ineffectually tried every means of persuasion and intimidation, is not only justified in so doing, but he would have been culpable had he not done it, although the life of an innocent man should, by a chance common to such extremities, have been destroyed by it, because it was his duty to act as he did. In such instances even rigour may be deemed mercy; as by the converse of the same principle the Persian proverb says, that "He who spareth the wolf slayeth the lamb."

Nor yet is every act criminal or vicious by which a man seeks his own interest or gratification. It is purely innocent or negative, if it is liable to no other consequences. Of this kind are many of our pleasures, our amusements, and even levities. These, if they injure none, promote the common stock of general happiness, and are necessary to the individual by humanising the mind and softening it to that temper which best qualifies it for performing the substantial offices of society.

To the moral duties of man religion superadds another, his duty to God; which, considered with relation to its express object, must be held of superior importance to the rest; for what thinking mind can contemplate that Being to whom we are indebted both for all the good we enjoy with our present existence, and for the hopes of eternal happiness hereafter, without feeling himself impressed with the most awful sentiments of veneration for his exalted nature, and of gratitude for his goodness? The good Christian places his dependence on God, submits himself to his will, implores his protection, deprecates his wrath; adores him in all his attributes, studies to make himself acceptable to him by practising all the charities which his religion enjoins, and devoutly hopes, on his release from this life, to be admitted into his presence, and to partake of a state of perfect and everlasting, but unknown bliss, which God has prepared for them that love him and obey his commandments. The philosopher, borrowing his views of futurity from the Christian, and crediting his reason for the discovery, conceives that, to be entitled to the favour of a being perfectly good, we should strive, as far as our feeble and limited powers will enable us, to imitate his goodness. He conceives that in so doing he obeys the dictates of God, and looks, also, though doubting, for his reward in another life.

Hence it appears, that the worship which we pay to God, and which we believe him to exact from us, is but the means and sanction of our other virtues; and that the end of this is what constitutes the essence of the rest, namely, the principle and practice of benevolence. The Almighty can derive no benefit from our adorations, nor would his happiness receive any increase, though all animated nature were to join at once in singing his praises and thanksgivings. The tribute which he requires, like the sacrifice of old, ultimately reverts to the worshipper; it becomes instrumentally the portion of his present merit, and the pledge of its future recompense. This is no new doctrine. It is the same which was preached by the rational and benign Author of our religion. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." He taught that the true worship of God was obedience to his will; and that that will was fully explained in the following sublime exemplification of it.

"When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.

"And before him shall be gathered all nations, and he shall separate the one from the other, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats.

"And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

"For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in:

"Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.

"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?

"When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?

"Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?

"And the King shall answer, and say unto them, Verily I say unto you; inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Such is the religion of the gospel of Jesus Christ; and whatever doubts we may entertain of the points of faith which it inculcates or which are grounded upon it, yet it is not possible to refuse our assent to its morality, or to impute to any unworthy motive in its Author a document differing from all other known religions that have ever been promulgated, whose object is to promote the happiness of man by the means of man, and which prescribes no other duties but such as consist or terminate in the practice of universal benevolence.

CHAP. VII.

OF MOURNING FOR THE DEAD.

A strong argument in favour of a future state of existence, connected with the present, and conscious of it, may be drawn from the sorrow which we feel for the loss by death of those whom we dearly love; for this differs from all our other passions, which were evidently implanted in our nature for useful purposes, all appertaining to our condition in this life or to our relations in it. But this species of affliction, although it is by far the most painful of all mental sufferings, unless we must except the sensations which are excited by the compunctious recollections of enormous guilt, produces no consequence that can either serve as a defence or caution against worse evils, or to promote our future good, or that of our fellow-creatures. On the contrary, it infects the temper of our remaining life, and disqualifies those who suffer it from performing the duties which they owe to society. Nor does the difference cease with this instance of it. In other sufferings, whether of the mind or body, both reason and nature dictate to us to seek a deliverance from them. In this the reverse appears. While the spirit is depressed, and the body sympathises with its associate anguish, a charm attends it, which fascinates the intellectual faculty, so as not only to temper it to a patient resignation, but even to make it delight in the infliction. What mourning lover would consent, if the gift could be imparted to him, to be freed from the remembrance of his lost mistress, or what husband from that of the partner of all his past affections, from whom death has separated them, according to our natural conceptions, for ever? Rachel, in the emphatical language of Scripture, mourneth for her children, and will not be comforted; and Lucan expresses the same sentiment in the following beautiful exemplification of it, in his description of the grief of Cornelia, the widow of Pompey:—

"Perfruitur lacrymis, et amat pro conjuge luctum"

"She enjoys her tears and loves her grief in the stead of her husband."

In our conjectures respecting futurity, we have no clue to lead us to the truth but revelation and the analogies of our present state. Upon the subject in question the former is silent. The latter, therefore, is our only resource; and as on the one hand we are not forbidden to employ our reason in tracing our affinities in the world to come, so, on the other, we may be sure that it is allowable to use this exercise of it even to as great an extent as its powers can carry it; because such powers would not have been imparted to it, with no moral check attached to them, but that they might be exerted.

That God has made nothing in vain, is a truth which all our experience both of the natural and moral effects of this world evinces; for though human reason can trace but few of these to the causes, yet in every instance in which it is able to trace them this truth is demonstrably seen, and it would be to sin against the divine wisdom to suppose that it was not universal.

This universal position will afford a sure and clear solution of the question suggested by the apparent inconsistency of our passions in the particular case to which I have alluded, namely, why and for what purpose were we made susceptible of a feeling which has no present quality but mental pain: which stimulates to no act of utility or of duty, and excludes even hope from our temporal perspective? That it was intended to answer some end is certain, and a gracious one we cannot doubt, for the goodness of our Maker is equally conspicuous with his wisdom in all his works. It is, also, certain that it was not intended to serve any purpose of this life. Its uses, therefore, whatever they are, are reserved for another; and as it originated in our affections here, it will terminate in our affections hereafter. As the exercise of our pure affections, or, in other words, our endeavours to promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and to deplete our minds from all inordinate desires of self-gratification, both constitute the foundation of all our duties in this state of probation, and become the best sources of our own happiness in it; so if we believe, as we must, if we have any faith in the promises made to us by the blessed Author of our holy religion, that, this trial past, our next state is to be a state of reward or punishment for our former deeds; our reward will consist in the perfection of that sentiment in which we formerly delighted, and which was at the same time the test of our virtue; and that we shall be reunited to those whom we loved, with our affections purified and improved, but still retaining, with the remembrance of them, the same distinctions and degrees of kindness as we bore towards the same objects in this life.

Why present pain should be ordained the condition and instrument, as it thus seems to be, of our happiness hereafter, is a question no more resolvable by our limited understandings than why we should be susceptible of pain at all. Questions of this kind may be put in series *ad infinitum*. Suppose, for an instance, a state exempt from pain, and susceptible of unmixed pleasure. Even in such a state the querulous moralist might on the same grounds ask why his sense of happiness was bounded. Let us suppose it increased, yet still the same question may be repeated, and the goodness of God arraigned, as long as the condition of the complainer shall be short of infinite perfection; or, in other words, until the creature shall equal his Creator. It is sufficient for the present purpose to know that pain is necessary to our natures, and that it is an ingredient in the composition of human happiness, like the deadly gases which constitute parts

of the atmospherical air which we breathe, and which are essential to life. It is one originating cause of the strongest of all affections—the maternal; and it is not unreasonable to suppose that our attachment to life itself may owe a large portion of its existence to the pain in which every human being invariably participates with the parent at the time of its entrance into it.

Of the operation of this principle on the inferior sensations of the mind, numberless examples might be drawn from the habitual, or, perhaps, I might better term it, instinctive attachment which we conceive for things for which we have a natural disgust, that disgust being once overcome; but this would lead to too wide a discussion. Sufficient, I trust, has been said, to demonstrate that pain may be productive of affection for the subjects which originally caused or attended it; and to aid the conclusion drawn from other premises, that we ought to regard our sufferings in this life for the loss of those who were dear to us, and who are separated from it for ever, as the links that bind the surviving spirits to those which are departed, as the sure pledges of their future reunion, and necessary to its accomplishment, though we know not the manner in which they are to be made subservient to that blessed end.

THE MASTER-PASSION: A TALE OF CHAMOUNI.

BY T. C. GRATTAN, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS."

CHAP. IX.

The lapse of time between the close of the first part of this story and the opening of this is like the chasm of a glacier, appearing almost nothing when the whole is taken in by the mind or the eye, but full of many a rugged point and rude projection, both difficult and dangerous when examined in detail. But this interval of six or seven years must now be bounded over, without our descending with the minuteness of scrutiny into feelings or events. Great changes had taken place, physical in the one instance, and moral in both, in the two chief personages of our story. The whole tenor of their life had received a new direction, and their beings purposely seemed fixed forever.

Immediately on the reconciliation between Balmat and the Corryeurs, the former proposed, and they accepted the offer, that he was, from that memorable morning, to take upon himself the whole charge of Julie's education: and, without actually adopting her as his child, which the laws admitted, but which was a measure—he scarcely knew why—extremely repugnant to his feelings, he intimated that she alone should be the final possessor of all the property he then had or might afterward acquire, an inheritance of small positive value then, but which he hoped by industry and perseverance to make an object of more worth. In pursuance of the authority which this gave him over the pursuits of his young protégé, he decided, and his parents consented, that she was to be immediately placed at a boarding-school, at Martigny, her education to be conducted at his expense and under his controul. There she was consequently placed, and there she remained, laying in a store of such knowledge and accomplishments as were suited to her station in life, visited frequently by her father and mother, constantly by Balmat, and gradually growing up into a fine, well-informed, and right-thinking young woman.

Julie Corryeur was in her eighteenth year, when, her education having been pronounced complete, she left the school where she had passed so long a time profitably and pleasantly, where she had made many friends by her good sense and good nature, and for which she felt all the mixed attachment inspired by the scene of childish joys, modified, as such enjoyments always are, by the feeling of restraint and the check of control which deprive them of that perfect buoyancy which is the fairy spell of happiness.

During this period of probation for her entrance into the busy scenes of the world, a considerable change had taken place, as has been already stated, and, as might be divined even without the statement, both in Julie's personal appearance and her way of mind. She looked and felt and thought as a woman; and it will not be considered unnatural that almost every feeling and sentiment had for its chief impulse him who had by degrees become to her the dearest object in life. The early but indelible impression of her mountain adventure had stamped her character with a deep enthusiasm, but not of that kind which sometimes runs wild in vague abstraction. Julie's required and found an object on which it might become connected. The pride of having, as a mere child, effected a total revolution in such a mind as Balmat's soon became blended with her regard for him from whom it had its source; and, as she grew toward womanhood, she could not avoid seeing that her influence over him had increased in that degree by which the convert to an opinion becomes the martyr of a cause. He was wholly devoted to her, and health, wealth, and every human good was identified in his thoughts with the absolute possession of Julie Corryeur. His conduct for upward of six years was correspondent with this thorough attachment to a virtuous and sensible girl. He was a reformed man. He became attentive to his business, civil to, if not quite sociable with his neighbours, indulgent to his old woman, and in all ways unexceptionable in his bearing toward the members of the Corryeur family, young and old.

I cannot undertake to trace the growth of the master passion which gradually adverted toward full development in the heart of this mysterious man. The progress from conception to maturity, from the seed to the full-blown flower, is an unathomable miracle, at which the inquiring mind stops short. So does the moral budding and blossoming of human feeling baffle research and defy analysis. Suffice it to say, that Balmat's affection for the artless child had grown into passionate love for the blooming girl; and as soon as he thoroughly understood his own sentiments he could not help their forcing themselves into the observation of those most concerned. Julie had by some sure instinct discovered his feelings, even before he acknowledged them; and the father and mother only saw in the open avowal the realization of long indulged hopes and expectations. In a word, Gabriel Balmat was the accepted lover of Julie Corryeur, and some little arrangements of property and domestic accommodations were alone required to allow of the day for the marriage being fixed and the engagement being made public.

Every thing went smoothly with Balmat. He had no rival. The very superiority of Julie to the other village girls while naturally attracting admiration at the same time inspired a sentiment of respect which considerably damped the ardor of rustic pretensions. She was wholly free from the contemptible vanity that leads some women on to the encouragement of many admirers, in the hope of more closely attaching one favoured lover. Julie ran no risk of that most dangerous of female speculations; and Balmat's dormant but well remembered ferocity was another considerable safeguard against any interference with his passion on the part of younger but less determined aspirants. He was, therefore, as yet, unconscious of the existence in his soul of the meanest and most degrading of all the passions; but jealousy was there, deep hidden and rankling, and only waiting for some real or imagined provocation to burst out in volcanic violence. Unhappily for himself and for her whose well-being was now bound upon his, an opportunity soon occurred for the outburst, which swept before it the whole harvest of years of moral cultivation.

The French invasion of Switzerland and Savoy took place. It is not within the scope of this story to admit of political details, and the very mention of this great national event must be considered but as an episode to the narrow subject of personal adventure, the chief incident of which actually grew out of the transaction of history which is thus alluded to in subservience to it. French enterprise and Swiss patriotism are hackneyed themes, and the gallant actions which arose from the collision are so widely known and so well recorded as to leave no want of, and scarcely room for their recital here. The great and abounding tragedies of war must be left untouched, to let us concentrate our attention on one deep drama of domestic life.

Gabriel Balmat's intellect was not broad enough to allow of his comprehending the grand motives of nationality. He was scarcely susceptible of the local attachment which is commonly and mistakenly called love of country, but which is in ordinary minds rather a love of self, and an instinctive pride in whatever they feel themselves to form a part. It has been already seen that enmity was the natural growth of his disposition, which was almost insensible (except in one mighty instance) to affection. He, therefore, felt none of the stirring impulses which inspired many among the warriors who sprung forward to repel the invader. But he fought with bravery, and his hatred of the enemy made him strike home with as much energy as though a loftier inspiration had nerved his arm. Scenes of blood became familiar to him, and his main propensity was thus gratified and strengthened; while, from the general hatred against Frenchmen at large so naturally fostered among his compatriots, his vindictive feelings acquired a more extended sphere of action. Every native of the country which outraged and oppressed his own, was, in his eyes, an object of particular vengeance; and this generalized feeling became in some measure to his distorted intellect a justification for the individual enmity which he after a while adopted.

When the sturdy mountaineers were driven before the French armies, the different portions of the country successively occupied were covered with depots of the sick and wounded, and, in many instances, several of those were placed in single billets in the houses of the farmers and peasants of the valleys on the line of march. Chamouny had its share, and Paul Corryeur and his family gave a cordial and comfortable shelter to one, a young man who, with the rank of sergeant, possessed manners of a superior order to that station, and whose fine person and handsome countenance appeared to greater advantage from the delicacy and languor consequent on pain and confinement. A rifle shot through his shoulder, received a few weeks previously, quite disabled him of the use of his right arm, and frequent attacks of fever, which succeeded to the immediate severity of his hurt, left him in a state that could scarcely be called convalescent.

Kind hearted people like the Corryeurs required no inducement beyond the least complicated compassion to ensure their attentions to the wounded stranger.

But refinement, education and taste would be little better than worthless, had they not produced in the feelings of Julie a still tenderer interest for this new object of her admiration as well as her pity. The vulgar benevolence which knows no distinction of persons in a crowd of wretchedness, is, after all, a less elevated feeling than that which instinctively selects its objects for peculiar regard. Julie Corryeur would have succored and served the meanest of God's creatures, from a feeling of duty; but there are few minds which could derive from that sentiment alone such a spring of alacrity as that with which she performed her offices of kindness toward Henri Lavalette.

This young Frenchman was, like thousands of his countrymen in those exciting days, an enthusiastic patriot, loving France, liberty and glory; and, in that powerful passion for public things, having no room for any affection of a private nature beyond the attachment so interwoven in the hearts of Frenchmen for their family connections. It was therefore, and not from any insensibility to softer emotions, or from an incapacity to appreciate Julie's merits, that the thought of making love to her never entered his heart—for, in spite of all theories of physiology, it is by that road that such notions reach the head. He was delighted to find a well-informed and intelligent girl in the house of a Chamouny miller; and perhaps her being very good-looking rather added a zest to her great good-nature.

Julie, unaccustomed to manners so accomplished and captivating, was naturally pleased with the society of her new acquaintance, and a rapid familiarity was the consequence between them. The absence on either side of any serious impression gave fuller play to their mutual efforts to please. They knew none of the embarrassment which is always an obstacle to a perfect understanding between persons who are unconsciously about to fall in love with each other. They spoke freely together, and there was no reserve in the communicating of their opinions of others or of each other. How long it is before a man really in love can tell the object how highly he values—how much he loves it! A woman can never do so.

The young friends now in question, not having that formidable difficulty before them, the warmth of their mutual regard was proportioned to its rapid growth. Paul and Christine Corryeur, becoming every year more matter-of-fact and not a bit more worldly-wise, never imagined any danger from their daughter's intercourse with the sick soldier, believing her to be firmly hedged in by the solemnity of her engagement to Balmat from any possible intrusion on the part of another. Their ignorant confidence was justly placed in the present instance. But it must be clearly understood that it was so by chance, and it must not furnish either example or excuse for dull and unobserving fathers and mothers in the general walks of life. Altogether, there was not any where to be found a more unembarrassed and confiding circle than that contained in the house of Paul Corryeur: and the return of Gabriel from a roving expedition beyond the Great St. Bernard was now anxiously looked for by the whole party, as the completion of a plan of social enjoyment rarely to be found in such troublous times and in all the circumstances of the case.

The wished-for day arrived. It was autumn time, and the assembled family were abroad in scattered groups by the river side, and in the narrow pasture ground which intervened between it and the mountain's base. The elderly couple were quietly walking arm in arm, the youths and the younger sister jumping and running about, while Julie and Lavalette lounged along the river's side, familiarly talking over her approaching prospects in married life.

A keen eye and quick perception may read in the gait and attitudes of a beloved object, even when the voice cannot be heard or the countenance seen, the general state of the mind, though not perhaps the immediate subject of thought. How easy it is to discover the hurried step of agitation, from the slow movement of despair or the broken and buoyant march of joy. How eloquent is each action of the human frame—the arms folded or tossed about, the head elevated or down hanging, the foot firm fixed or faltering. Nature is, in fact, in all its multiplied developments, a combination of languages, and this is one which the glance of affection reads with intuitive accuracy, as though it were written in a book. Such a glance was now steadily fixed on Julie Corryeur;

but it was affection of that kind which while it reads rightly is sure to interpret wrong.

When Gabriel Balmat now returned to his native village, after one of those roving expeditions, on which he was a volunteer, animated with success, and flushed with the indulgence of his sanguinary propensity, he did not choose, like his comrades, to come in the beaten road in that species of irregular, but triumphant march which amused them by its picturesqueness and eclat. His unsocial spirit led him to prefer a solitary walk by a mountain path, and he wished to steal unobserved and unexpected into the midst of the family circle of his friends, to judge for himself of the effect which his sudden appearance might produce. Besides this, there was a latent feeling of suspicion always lurking in his mind, arising from the want of confidence in the sincerity of others, which is the sure accompaniment of self-disesteem, and which forms the most congenial soil for the growth of jealousy; and such a feeling strongly seconded this clandestine approach to the scene where I now wish to transport my readers. Totally unperceived by the groups below, he reached a little plateau on the mountain side, and gazed downward with a stern and inquiring eye. He quickly singled out the figure of his betrothed; and he marked beside her, with a frantic pang of astonishment and fury, the figure of a man, in the well known and detested uniform of the French armies. Wily as he was bold, he in an instant dropped on one knee and watched. He clearly saw in the easy gait and graceful gestures of Julie that she was happy and pleased with the words of her companion, who assiduously while he addressed her suited his action to the speeches he poured forth. At one moment his hand was on his heart, in the next it was stretched forth while his head turned toward her, as though he would impress some observation—or some pledge, as Balmat read it—upon her. At the distance of a hundred yards, which separated them, he could not distinguish the expression of Julie's face. But nothing further was wanting to inflame him. And when he at length saw the stranger enemy take one of his mistress' hands in his and press it to his lips, he was hurried away beyond all restraint. His rifle was in a moment levelled and the trigger as instantly pulled.

"Holloa!" exclaimed Henry Lavalette, as he heard the well-remembered sound of the bullet cutting the air close to his head.

"Ah! there is Gabriel!" cried Julie, starting at the report and turning her eyes toward the place, where he had now risen on his feet again, anxiously watching the result of his shot. And, as she spoke, she ran forward, followed by her brothers and sisters shouting welcome to him who had (though they knew it not) sent so rude and so ruthless a herald in proof of his close neighbourhood.

"Ah, that is the way Gabriel Balmat always announces his approach ever since he took up arms," said Paul Corryeur to Lavalette, as the latter joined him and his helpmate, both hurrying in the direction of their now descending visitor.

"He must be a keen marksman to miss so closely the object he only wishes to pay a compliment to," observed the Frenchman.

"Oh, he is one of the best shots in the valley!" said Paul.

"In that case I had a narrow escape," thought the Frenchman, but he said nothing, being impressed with a painful suspicion that the bullet was certainly intended for his head, instead of the trunk of the pine tree which stood before him and in which it had lodged.

Gabriel instantly saw that he had missed his mark. His first impulse was to rush down and complete the bloody purpose with the unloaded weapon, but the shouts of his young friends, and above all the animated figure of Julie as she moved forward to welcome him excited an immediate and almost miraculous impulse of self control. In an instant his pulse was steady, his brow smooth, his air unembarrassed; but his pale cheek and livid lip showed that the blood had not yet returned from his heart with the rapidity which a few moments before had hurried it into that great reservoir. He left his place and stepped quickly down, with an easy and guiltless manner, to meet his delighted mistress. At sight of her blooming countenance he was quite overpowered. He had never known her to deceive him, and he at once acknowledged the full force of her long experienced virtue and affection. The momentary doubts of her faith which had flashed across his mind on witnessing the incident of familiar gallantry which had raised his arm to murder the offender, vanished the first glance he threw on her. But his deadly hatred of the stranger was not for an instant shaken in the renewed confidence inspired by his mistress' manner; and in the system of deep dissimulation which he presently adopted there was no abandonment of the design that a sudden impulse had prompted him to attempt.

CHAPTER X.

"Welcome, welcome!" said Julie, as she embraced her lover with all the subdued ardor of a warm heart and a modest mind—for she felt and admitted him to be her lover, without any of those checks which may possibly arise between my readers and my hero, in consideration of the discrepancies existing between him and his mistress. It must, however, be recollected that Julie was ignorant of many of them. Long habit from childhood up had almost wholly worn out the sentiment of respectful repugnance—so to express it—which at first interposes between a young person and one so much more advanced in life; and as for the very first impression, that of terror and loathing, excited in Julie's mind against Balmat on the occasion which introduced them to each other, I have already shown that it was totally effaced almost as soon as conceived. She had known him now for several years, as her steady friend, and, by the concurrent testimony of every one, as a man of habits, temper, and desires wholly reformed. She knew this good work to be of her doing, and she was naturally proud to magnify the favorable qualities and slur over the blemishes in a character which was in a measure of her own creating.

So it was that when she now met Balmat, after some weeks of separation and anxiety for his safety, she did not suspect in this expression of his countenance the diabolical feeling of which it was the index. While the other young persons present shuddered at his aspect, she attributed to bad health or over fatigue the paleness of the cheek, the lividness of lip, and the nervous energy of the eye, which she could not fail to observe.

"You are ill, Gabriel?" said she tenderly.

"Somewhat ill at ease, perhaps," replied he.

"What troubles you, my friend? Oh, let me share your anxiety."

"Who is that Frenchman, Julie? and how came he here, and on such terms of unseemly familiarity with you?"

"Unseemly!"

"Yes—who and what is he?"

"Your answer is brief—your questions sternly put, Gabriel—"

"Who is he?"

"He is a wounded soldier, left on parole in my father's care, an amiable and friendly youth, whose situation and manners claim kindness, and lead to intimacy."

"So it appears, from the fervour with which he kissed your hand. If he goes so far in public, on what terms are ye together privately?"

"On none that are unbecoming to me as his friend, nor dishonouring to you as my future husband. He approaches—I beg you to recover yourself."

The tones and looks of the two speakers in this short colloquy must be imagined from the reader's knowledge of their separate characters, and of their position toward each other. Julie, with the instinctive tact of womanhood and good sense, saw at once the first symptoms of the fiend that had taken possession of her lover's mind. To drive the devil out was her only thought. She never imagined the possibility of combating the false notion by any roundabout means, and she therefore resolved not to use another word in argument or opposition. She paused, and stood aloof while her father and mother came up, and, after the usual greeting, presented the two strangers to each other. Balmat, thoroughly brought to himself by Julie's decided manner and convincing words, had recovered his usual colour, and turned the naturally saturnine expression of his countenance into a smile. He gave his hand to Lavalette, and, after a word or two of commonplace civility, he said, with as much graciousness of air as he could assume.

"Sir, the friend of my friends becomes in virtue of that title my own; I shall be glad if my coming can in any way promote your pleasure in these parts."

The gay and unsuspecting Frenchman, deceived by the words and air, and looking only for blunt frankness in the mountain warrior, took for granted what was said, and replied, laughingly.

"I shall be too proud of so gallant and excellent a neighbour, but your first approach was really a little too close to me—the whistling of your bullet awhile ago was not, I confess, so pleasant as the tones of your voice are now."

"Why the fact is," said Balmat, "these Savoyard rifles of ours are so accustomed to be levelled at your countrymen's heads, that it was with difficulty I pointed mine an inch or two at one side of yours when I fired my salute. But such a mistake shall not occur again, I promise you."

These ambiguous words passed unheeded or were taken as a joke, and the deadly smile which accompanied them was rightly read by no one present. Conversation went on, the groups collected together, and after awhile all moved toward the house, where a homely but solid repast was partaken of with hearty appetites; and a coupe of flasks of Rhenish, produced to do honour to the health of Gabriel, completed the exhilaration of the good spirits of all present.

Balmat watched the stranger closely; and the result of his observation was his conviction that however Julie might be unaffected by the Frenchman's attentions, the latter was beyond doubt deeply enamoured of her, and resolved to supplant him in her regard. His dull and dogged mind could conceive no less serious object in the light gallantries of passing compliments, which Lavalette lavished as usual on whatever female pleased him, and that chance threw him near. Had he known the mischief he was preparing for himself, he would have suppressed his attentions.

After supper the whole party were soon again in the open air; and Julie took the earliest opportunity of addressing Balmat on the subject which had for the last two hours entirely occupied her mind. The straightforwardness of her character made her on this, as on every other occasion, reject all those subtleties of conversation by which a person having an object in view endeavours to draw another into the mention of something that may lead to it, and thus give an appearance of accidental coincidence to what was the result of premeditated plan. She despised all cunning devices; and it was to the simple energy of her mind that was owing the influence which she exercised over that of Balmat, from the very first days of their acquaintanceship. She now passed her arm under his, and, leading him a little way aside from the rest of the party, she said,

"Gabriel, we have never yet had a doubt of each other, and scarcely a slight difference of opinion—a rare thing they tell me, between lovers—and I am resolved that there shall be no cause of quarrel between us if I can help it. Therefore—"

"What do you mean, Julie?" asked he, in affected surprise, for he feared yet did not like to admit that in all his assumed politeness toward Lavalette, and in his efforts to appear cheerful, he had been unable to impose on his penetrating mistress.

"Therefore," continued she, "I am resolved that our French guest must find some other lodging this very evening, and that I see him no more till we are married, Gabriel."

Had Julie seen the smile of ghastly delight which broke on her companion's countenance, would she have understood the heart-workings of which it was the type? Probably not. She would have mistaken it, as my readers must not, for the natural expression of pleasure at being relieved from a troublesome suspicion, or at discovering a new trait of delicacy toward him in her who was about to join her destiny with his. Such feelings might have had some slight effect, but they were as naught to the absorbing sentiment which suddenly possessed him, and which must be divined from the sequel of my story.

"Yes," said Julie, interrupted by a word from Gabriel—for he could not speak even had he essayed it—"it is clear, even to my faint knowledge of the human heart, that the presence of this stranger annoys you, to say the least. I can fancy your thinking our intimacy sudden, and perhaps a little too close. But if you knew how animated and how frank his manners have been, how great his gratitude for our care of him, and what an interest he feels in the whole family, you would make allowance for what may appear too rapid or indecorous. Why, even the very action that so much displeased you, his kissing my hand, was only performed as a sort of seal set on a compact of alliance between him and me and you, Gabriel, as my husband—for he knew every thing of our engagement and our projects, and our whole conversation was about you. I trust this explanation will please you—why, Gabriel, you do not listen to me!"

"Eh!" exclaimed he, starting, and turning his looks full on Julie. "Please me? oh, yes—much, very much! You say he will go this evening?"

"Yes; but I have said much since I said that. You have not heard me—you are ill, Gabriel—you look now just as you did when I first met you after you discharged your rifle. What ails you, my friend? Let us return to the house—my mother will give you some cordial—pray, Gabriel, tell me what ails you?"

"Nothing in the world, dearest; I am subject to sudden change of looks of late, ever since this war broke out, but I am well, very well—this evening, you said, eh?"

"That was not what I said last, Gabriel, but I *did* say that I wish Monsieur Lavalette could be provided for elsewhere this very evening."

"He shall! Yes, Julie, under all the circumstances, I think it better he should remove at once. The gossips talk of the valley must not be excited. But where can he find a lodging—such a one as will ensure his comfort, and in some measure repay him for the loss of all he has been accustomed to here? Can you think of no place suited to him, Julie—can you suggest no domicile?"

Julie was struck by the impatient, yet manœuvring utterance of Balmat. She

saw there was more on his mind than his words expressed. She suspected that he was dissatisfied with her half-heard explanation of the Frenchman's intimacy, and that he was now striving to lead her on by his questions into some expression of anxiety or interest for the object of his unreasonable jealousy. The rapidity of her thoughts prevented, in a great measure, the pain arising from them, but she resolved to give no hint nor offer any opinion that might confirm the suspicion she was so convinced she had discovered.

"It is not for me to suggest a fitting place for this young man," said she. "It is enough that I am anxious he should change his quarters from our house—"

"To become a guest of mine," said Balmat, no longer able to restrain the expression of his already formed resolutions, and finding that he could not succeed in getting Julie to make the proposal which, for his own reasons, he did not wish to have originated with him.

"What! will you take this trouble on your own hands, Gabriel? This is indeed being kind to us all. My father and mother will feel deeply indebted to you for this act of hospitality. You must mention the matter and arrange it with them, so as that no wound may be given to the feelings of Monsieur Lavalette."

"I should rather the affair were settled by them than me, Julie. It might look officious and particular if I proposed it, and you know I am not fond of appearing to do good natured things."

"No, unfortunately you are not, Gabriel. And great injustice do you do yourself by the objection to put your good qualities forward, and the wish to make your faults seem worse than they are."

"You are too indulgent to me, Julie," replied Balmat, with a thoughtful air; and he paused a moment, as though a struggle were taking place in his mind. Perhaps a feeling of compunction, a dread of consequences—not for himself but for her—rose between him and the deed he contemplated. But if so, they were faint and brief, compared with the deadly resolutions he had formed. The demon within hurried him remorselessly along. He therefore abruptly resumed:

"You must settle this point with your father—he must propose the change—and I will now go home and prepare for the reception of my guest—but, pray, do not let it seem as if I either urged or wished his coming, for I cannot bear to become the subject of praises and thanks."

"But you will come back, Gabriel, to conduct Monsieur Lavalette to his new quarters?"

"Most certainly."

When Balmat returned, after a short absence, he found that every necessary arrangement had been made. Paul Corryeur had, at Julie's request, broken to Lavalette the subject of her conversation with Gabriel, and said that it was rather at her suggestion than his wish that the change was proposed. Lavalette, with the careless confidence of youth and of his national character, acceded cheerfully to the plan for his removal, the particular motive for which he did not scrutinize, and to which, at all events, he felt he had no right to object, half prisoner as he considered himself. No stronger feeling existed to make it any but a matter of indifference to him, and he made ready his knapsack with alacrity and speed. Night had now fallen, and every thing outside Corryeur's house was dark and dismal. There was a drizzling rain, and but little inducement for any of the family to volunteer a walk of a quarter of a mile and back. Yet so anxious was every male member of it to pay a mark of respect and kind feeling to their guest on this occasion of his quitting their hospitable roof, that they one and all proposed to accompany him and Balmat. But Paul interposed, and, insisting on his right to pay alone this mark of honour to his young friend, and having a good deal of the patriarchal punctiliousness of character appertaining to his country, he would allow no one to interfere with what he considered a very material point of homely etiquette. He therefore decided that he alone should form the escort; and, as his word was law with his sons, they, however reluctantly, acquiesced and gave up their intention. Their explanation was quite satisfactory to Lavalette, who was but little inclined to give any one trouble or inconvenience, and he begged, but in vain, that the father would relinquish his part of the ceremonious intention which he would not suffer his sons to complete. But on this point Corryeur was inflexible, and the trio prepared to set out.

While the discussion went on Julie had given her entire observation to Balmat, remarking in him a concentrated abstraction of manner, as though his whole thoughts were fixed on one remote point. Yet there was a side-long kind of attention paid by him to what was going on, which might be scarcely discerned and could not be described. It did not, however, escape the keen glance of Julie. She was uneasy and dissatisfied, she knew not why, and dared not inquire even of herself. A strange presentiment of ill seemed to possess and cling to her. She endeavoured to shake it off, and by personal action to counteract the painful agitation of her mind. She bustled about on various small pretences, but she never let her eye wander for a moment from the object of her scrutiny.

She at length, with a thrill of surprise and fear that almost paralyzed her, saw him furtively take a large bladed knife from a side table where it had lain since supper time, and while he seemed carelessly regarding the family group occupied with its leave-taking of Lavalette, he quietly slipped the weapon into the breast of his jacket, and carefully concealed it with the lapel. In a minute or two more, he, Paul Corryeur and the Frenchman were on the point of quitting the house together, when he said, with an air of most honest simplicity.

"Mr. Corryeur, you will permit me to leave my rifle here till morning—the rain would do it no good, and, as we are all friends, I shall not want it on the way home."

With these words he placed the fusil in a corner, the youth promising to take care of it, and Lavalette, on observing this, was unable to refrain from a feeling of satisfaction and increased confidence; he knew why, for he was not conscious of any actual doubt of his new acquaintance from the moment of their introduction to each other. He slung his knapsack across his shoulder, repeated his adieu to every member of the family, and coming the last to Julie—as she stood with her head placed, as if for support, on the back of a chair, her cheeks pale and her eyes fixed—he started in astonishment and almost in alarm; but not without a mixture of pleasant feeling to temper those ingredients of uneasiness. For the first time during his intercourse with Julie, he was now struck with the conviction that she loved him. The circumstances of the case were too rapid to allow of his nicely weighing or estimating at their real value the feelings which combined to produce this sudden conviction. Deceived as he certainly was, he had nevertheless many excuses for his hasty notion, and even if vanity had its share in producing the mistake, appearances were strong enough to justify it. Such an impression as that which glanced across his mind is, in any case, too gratifying not to give pleasure to the individual who received it unexpectedly. Lavalette's being a Frenchman was perhaps no bar to his susceptibility of such an error, but the buoyant egotism of his countrymen is not

one whit more likely to lead to it than the supercilious self-sufficiency so common among our own. At any rate, a Frenchman in such a case was little likely to take an ungenerous advantage of such a discovery, imagined or real, on the present occasion. Lavalette only pressed Julie's hand with a more respectful tenderness than usual, bade her good night in a suppressed and significant tone, and vowed in his own mind to be at her feet as early as possible the next morning.

Julie was almost unconscious of this more than common warmth of manner. She could only mark its effect on Balmat, and she inwardly shrunk from him while she fixed her fascinated gaze on the fearful expression of his scowling brow. An impatient gesture seemed to hurry his right hand toward his breast, where the knife lay concealed. With the other he caught Lavalette's arm, exclaiming abruptly,

"Come, sir, it is too soon—or too late—for these fooleries. Mr. Corryeur waits, and the rain increases,—come!"

The sudden grasp and rude voice brought the Frenchman to himself. He turned round quickly, and in a moment more the trio had left the house. They walked along the path by the river side, Balmat maintaining a strict silence, and Corryeur alone giving any evidence of a wish for conversation. He spoke in his usual kind manner to his late guest, whom he considered as rather unceremoniously removed from those quarters where his presence had been a source of a little trouble it was true, but which was amply repaid by his gentle and amiable manners, and his many agreeable qualities. Lavalette acknowledged those friendly proofs of consideration by brief replies, for his mind was pre-occupied, and, though without any actual or marked anxiety, not quite at ease. They passed on through a dark thick copse, about half way between the two mills, and in a few minutes more they were at the door of Balmat's house. He knocked loudly and impatiently. In a little while the door was opened by a tottering, feeble, half blind, and nearly deaf old woman, whom a former acquaintance after an absence of ten years would scarcely have recognized for the Jeannette of the first part of this story. She, however, it was who, having lingered in the service of her master through age and infirmity, still lived to witness this night of deepest gloom in the dark destiny of him she served so long and so faithfully.

"To bed, to bed," said Balmat, in that authoritative tone so familiar and so absolute to the long accustomed crone, who, having placed her lamp in her master's hand, and muttered some words of civility or ill-temper—it was impossible to distinguish which—hobbled away, leaving Balmat and the others to complete the events of that portentous hour without hindrance or observation from her.

"Good night, good night, my young friend. We shall soon see you," said Corryeur grasping Lavalette's hand. The latter flung his knapsack within the threshold of his newly appointed residence, and gaily exclaimed,

"No, no, Corryeur, we must not part here. It would ill become a youth like me to be outdone in civility by one from whom I have met so much kindness. You have given me an escort to my new home. Now I must do as much by you, and see you safely back again to your house. You were positive, so must I be. Not a word; Here, take my arm this time—I insist on it!"

"Poh! poh! This must not be—I cannot allow it. You are still weak and delicate, and the rain increases. You must not, Lavalette! Gabriel, aid me in persuading this foolish boy to go quietly to bed. He is now your guest and in your safe keeping. Good night, good night!"

While Corryeur attempted to move away alone, and Lavalette pertinaciously caught his arm and drew it within his own, Balmat neither spoke nor stirred. Had there been light enough and an observer at hand, his face had no doubt shown one of those expressive glances of ferocious joy of which it was at times so susceptible; or his very attitude have betrayed the inflexible resolution with which he contemplated the deed, the completion of which accidental causes seemed now to favour and facilitate. Corryeur, finding resistance useless, yielded to the forced escort of his young friend, and, as they finally walked off together, the former, half laughing, half angry, said to Balmat,

"Well, Gabriel, you see he will not be shaken away from me. But you must pay him off for this by-and-by—you must punish him for the mischief he is doing himself."

Whatever was Balmat's intended reply, it "stuck in his throat." But he followed on the steps of the two men, as closely as he could do without being seen or heard by them.

YOUTH AND AGE.

YOUTH.

I hear of the traveller's view
From the lofty mountain's brow,
Of the skies of cloudless blue,
And the trackless fields of snow.
And I think when my schoolboy's days
Are over, and I'm set free,
How I'll tread those perilous ways,
And how happy I shall be!

AGE.

Young man, there are chasms deep
In those trackless fields of snow;
Where the sparkling glaciers sleep,
There is ruin and death below.
Where the rocks are wild and high,
And the clouds beneath them sail,
Ten thousand dangers lie,
Unknown in the shelter's vale.

YOUTH.

Talk not of danger to me,
I love the daring thought;
And a hunter I would be
Where the bounding chamois is caught.
I love to hear the breeze
And the distant thunder-shock;
I love to climb the trees
When the branches wave and rock.

AGE.

But the lofty branch may break,
And the distant storm come near,
And the giant heart may quake,
And the cheek grow pale with fear.
Then the cottage-fire burns bright,
Where all the loved ones meet,

And home is a blessed sight,
And safely, doubly sweet.

YOUTH.

Still, still, I would wish to make,
My way to some distant land;
I would sail on Lemon's lake,
Or loiter on its strand;
And while history's page recalls
Its glory and renown,
I would gaze on Geneva's walls
When the evening sun goes down.

AGE.

Oh! many a toilsome day,
And many a weary night,
Must come, and pass away.
Before that glorious sight!
And when thou hast seen thy fill
Of nations and of men,
When time thou hast learn'd to kill
By constant change—what then?

YOUTH.

I shall know a thousand things
That schools could never have taught;
As the lark that soars and sings
Is too wise to be snared and caught.
All the wonders I shall seek
For which other bosoms burn;
And when I choose to speak,
My friends shall listen, and learn.

AGE.

'Tis not the sight that please
The observer's curious eyes;
It is not what he sees
That makes the traveller wise:
He may pass from door to door,
From land to land may roam,
But he must still be poor
Who brings no wisdom home.

DR. ARNOLD'S HISTORY OF ROME.

In this volume of Dr. Arnold's *History of Rome*, the man is before us, not egotistically, but heartily. His warm and genial nature rejoices at any act of virtue or heroism, and rises in arms against the tyranny of rulers; his humanity denounces the atrocities of ancient warfare; he carries the reader over the ground of the campaign, as if he were his scholar and companion; whilst pervading all, is a primitive, almost a homely simplicity and manliness of character, which indicates that Dr. Arnold's successful attempt to narrate the "legends and stories of the first three centuries of Rome in a more antiquated style," was not so much imitative as native to the character of the man. There is an Homeric roughness and vigour about him, as if he were a legendary poet pouring out the knowledge he had gathered, rather than a common historian arranging the results of his "research." Yet, notwithstanding this unaffected simplicity of the heart, there is nothing approaching credulity or weakness in the head. The acumen of the critic is applied to a searching investigation of every statement in his authorities, the judgment of the philosopher to a true appreciation of the character and conduct of men. Thus, the personal leanings of the writer, like those probably of most other persons, are in favour of Hannibal; around whose memory misfortune has cast a halo, which covers his unjustifiable commencement of the war and all its subsequent miseries. But this individual liking is not allowed an influence in the following masterly estimate of the beligerents and the rationale of the results.

HANNIBAL AND ROME.

Twice in history has there been witnessed the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Buonaparte strove against England: the efforts of the first ended in Zama, those of the second in Waterloo.

True it is, as Polybius has said, that Hannibal was supported by the zealous exertions of Carthage; and the strength of the opposition to his policy has been very possibly exaggerated by the Roman writers. But the zeal of his country in the contest, as Polybius himself remarks in another place, was itself the work of his family. Never did great men more show themselves the living spirit of a nation than Hamilcar, and Hasdrubal, and Hannibal, during a period of nearly fifty years, approved themselves to be to Carthage. It is not then merely through our ignorance of the internal state of Carthage that Hannibal stands so prominent in all our conceptions of the second Punic war: he was really its moving and directing power; and the energy of his country was but a light reflected from his own. History therefore gathers itself into his single person: in that vast tempest, which from North and South, from the West and the East, broke upon Italy, we see nothing but Hannibal.

But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who in his hatred of the Trojans rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The Senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy Varro, after his disastrous defeat, "because he had not despaired of the Commonwealth," and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honoured than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and as no single Roman will bear comparison with Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered: his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone

is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama, should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must in the course of nature have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe."

The passage of a river in the presence of an enemy is, according to Napoleon, one of the most delicate and risky operations of war. The first exploit of Hannibal after leaving Spain was to cross the Rhone with the Gauls in front of him; and to cross it not only without loss, but with the total rout of the enemy, and their complete destruction as an army. The account affords a good example at once of the general and his historian.

HANNIBAL'S PASSAGE OF THE RHONE.

We must understand that Hannibal kept his army as far away from the sea as possible, in order to conceal his movements from the Romans: therefore he came upon the Rhone, not on the line of the later Roman road from Spain to Italy, which crossed the river at Tarascon, between Avignon and Arles, but at a point much higher up, above its confluence with the Durance, and nearly halfway, if we can trust Polybius' reckoning, from the sea to its confluence with the Isere. Here he obtained from the natives on the right bank, by paying a fixed price, all their boats and vessels of every description with which they were accustomed to traffic down the river: they allowed him also to cut timber for the construction of others; and thus in two days he was provided with the means of transporting his army. But finding that the Gauls were assembled on the Eastern bank to oppose his passage, he sent off a detachment of his army by night with native guides, to ascend the right bank, for about two-and-twenty miles, and there to cross as they could, where there was no enemy to stop them. The woods which then lined the river supplied this detachment with the means of constructing barks and rafts enough for the passage; they took advantage of one of the many islands in this part of the Rhone, to cross where the stream was divided; and thus they all reached the left bank in safety. There they took up a strong position; probably one of those strange masses of rock which rise here and there with steep cliffy sides, like islands, out of the vast plain, and rested for four-and-twenty hours after their exertions in the march and the passage of the river.

Hannibal allowed eight-and-forty hours to pass from the time when the detachment left his camp; and then, on the morning of the fifth day after his arrival on the Rhone, he made his preparations for the passage of his main army. The mighty stream of the river, fed by the snows of the high Alps, is swelled rather than diminished by the heats of summer; so that, although the season was that when the Southern rivers are generally at their lowest, it was rolling the vast mass of its waters along with a startling fullness and rapidity. The heaviest vessels were therefore placed on the left, highest up the stream, to form something of a breakwater for the smaller craft crossing below; the small boats held the flower of the light-armed foot, while the cavalry were in the larger vessels, most of the horses being towed astern swimming, and a single soldier holding three or four together by their bridles. Every thing was ready, and the Gauls on the opposite side had poured out of their camp, and lined the bank in scattered groups at the most accessible points, thinking that their task of stopping the enemy's landing would be easily accomplished. At length Hannibal's eye observed a column of smoke rising on the further shore, above or on the right of the barbarians. This was the concerted signal which assured him of the arrival of his detachment; and he instantly ordered his men to embark, and to push across with all possible speed. They pulled vigorously against the rapid stream, cheering each other to the work; while behind them were their friends, cheering them also from the bank; and before them were the Gauls, singing their war-songs, and calling them to come on with tones and gestures of defiance. But on a sudden a mass of fire was seen on the rear of the barbarians; the Gauls on the bank looked behind, and began to turn away from the river; and presently the bright arms and white linen coats of the African and Spanish soldiers appeared above the bank, breaking in upon the disorderly line of the Gauls. Hannibal himself, who was with the party crossing the river, leaped on shore among the first, and forming his men as fast as they landed, led them instantly to the charge. But the Gauls, confused and bewildered, made little resistance; they fled in utter rout; whilst Hannibal, not losing a moment, sent back his vessels and boats for a fresh detachment of his army; and before night his whole force, with the exception of his elephants, was safely established on the Eastern side of the Rhone."

As a specimen of Dr. Arnold's narration of civil events, we take the filling up of the vacancies in the Senate, created by the slaughters of Cannæ and the other victories of Hannibal; one of the greatest exercises of authority over a state ever intrusted to a single man, and by far the most nobly fulfilled.

THE DICTATOR M. FABIUS BUTO.

During the interval from active warfare afforded by the winter, the Romans took measures for filling up the numerous vacancies, which the lapse of five years, and so many disastrous battles, had made in the numbers of the Senate. The natural course would have been to elect Censors, to whom the duty of making out the roll of the Senate properly belonged; but the vacancies were so many, and the Censor's power in admitting new citizens and degrading old ones was so enormous, that the Senate feared, it seems, to trust to the result of an ordinary election; and resolved that the Censor's business should be performed by the oldest man, in point of standing, of all those who had already been Censors, and that he should be appointed Dictator for this especial duty, although there was one Dictator already for the conduct of the war. The person thus selected was M. Fabius Buto, who had been Censor six-and-twenty years before, at the end of the first Punic war, and who had more recently been the chief of the embassy sent to declare war on Carthage after the destruction of Saguntum. That his appointment might want no legal formality, C. Varro, the only surviving Consul, was sent for home from Apulia to nominate him; the Senate intending to detain Varro in Rome till he should have presided at the comitia for the election of the next year's magistrates. The nomination, as usual, took place at midnight; and on the following morning M. Fabius appeared in the forum with his four-and-twenty lictors, and ascended the rostra to address the people. Invested with absolute power for six months, and especially charged with no less a task than the formation, at his discretion, of that great council which possessed the supreme government of the Commonwealth, the noble old man neither shrunk weakly from so heavy a burden, nor ambitiously abused so vast an authority. He told the people that he would not strike off the name of a single senator from the list of the Senate, and that, in filling up the vacancies, he would proceed by a defined rule; that he would first add all those who had held curule offices within the last five years without having been admitted as yet into the Senate; that in the second place he would take all who within the same

period had been tribunes, ædiles, or questors; and thirdly, all those who could show in their houses spoils won in battle from an enemy, or who had received the wreath of oak for saving the life of a citizen in battle. In this manner, one hundred and seventy-seven new senators were placed on the roll; the new members thus forming a large majority of the whole number of the Senate, which amounted only to three hundred. This being done forthwith, the Dictator, as he stood in the rostra, resigned his office, dismissed his lictors, and went down into the forum a private man. There he purposely lingered amidst the crowd, lest the people should leave their business to follow him home: but their admiration was not cooled by this delay, and when he withdrew at the usual hour the whole people attended him to his house."

The general cause of Hannibal's failure has been unfolded by Dr. Arnold in a passage already quoted: it was the struggle of an individual genius against a nation, and the indomitable will possessed by the people enabled the nation to triumph at last; which, besides the instance of Napoleon and Great Britain, has been seen upon a smaller scale in Venetian and Dutch history. In a military sense, Dr. Arnold attributes the failure to Hannibal's want of artillery. He was compelled to leave the fortified places throughout the country in the hands of the enemy, as he could only hope to carry them by blockade. "When Cannæ had taught the Romans to avoid pitched battles in the open field," says Dr. Arnold, "the war became necessarily a series of sieges; where Hannibal's strongest arm, his cavalry, could render little service, while his infantry was in quality not more than equal to the enemy, and his artillery was decidedly inferior": and the historian is induced to think that Hannibal should have striven to supply the deficiency. Yet, when we consider the number of places to be carried, the superior advantages possessed by the besieged under the ancient system of warfare, the risks a besieging army must always run with an enemy, as was the case with the Romans, numerically superior in the field, and the loss of life at which every resolutely-defended place must be gotten possession of, (for the machinery of ancient war could scarcely operate beyond the outer walls, so that every garrison must be stormed,) we may perhaps conclude that artillery would have been useless—that the army, recruited from a distance, must have been destroyed before the towns of Latium proper had been carried, even could it have been fed while the sieges were prosecuted. The principle indicated by Dr. Arnold's criticism is no doubt sound—that no country can be conquered which is full of strong positions, whether fortresses or fastnesses, if the defenders will hold them to the last, and either "do or die." Hannibal failed, not from want of artillery, or he would doubtless have procured it, but because success under the circumstances was impossible, when the allied towns, contrary to his expectations, remained faithful to the Romans. A similar principle, as we indicated in our notice of the Wellington Despatches, was illustrated in Spain; though the Spaniards, according to the Duke, were not altogether like ancient Romans, and Napoleon had more available means of men and materiel, even to the last, than Hannibal ever possessed.

JOHNIE FAA.—A TRUE STORY OF SCOTLAND.

BY MISS SKELTON.

In all the realm of Scotland, there was none so fair as Jean Hamilton, the daughter of the Earl of Haddington, and she was beloved by the fairest and the bravest knight that ever rode at tilt or tourney. But how seldom doth true love run smooth; and how many hearts bleed and break beneath the torment of outraged and wronged affections! And so it was with Jean and her lover: for wrong came between them—wrong that led to crime and death.

"Now, my daughter—my daughter Jean," said the stout Earl of Haddington, "think no more of this young knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, for I have chosen for thee a fitter mate—one meet for an earl's daughter—so rich in gold and lands as thou art, thou must wed the Earl of Cassilis, and think no more of Johnie Faa."

"But oh, my father!" said the Lady Jean, "I cannot break my troth to Johnie—I cannot forget my love—I cannot wed this Earl of Cassilis. I will wed my own knight—Johnie Faa; and my gold and my lands will be sufficient for both."

Sore was the contest between love and duty in the heart of Jean Hamilton, sad were her words, and many were her prayers that she might be spared this cruel fate; but 'twas all in vain. The father and the daughter parted in anger and in tears; but the tears were poured unheeded, and they robbed her heart of its love.

There was never a wedding so gay in appearance as that of Jean Hamilton and the Earl of Cassilis. All that wealth could buy was there—all the beauty of Edinburgh was gathered to the marriage; but there was none to equal that of Jean; though pale as the white roses in her hair, she moved among them all.

The Earl of Cassilis was the sixth of his title, and came of a good old stock. He was a stern covenant, severe in aspect, plain and short in speech; there was nought to win a lady's love in him. But he had broad lands, as well as noble name, and pure descent; and as he was himself but a new-made lord, and he thought to raise his family by this great connexion. Cassilis had lands, and name, and pure descent, and noble blood—but he wanted gold; and Haddington gave his daughter a rich dowry, so that all parties were satisfied,—save the poor weeping bride, and the gallant knight, Sir John Faa, of Dunbar, who, though thus deserted, forgot not his lady-love, and thought but to regain her.

Poor Jean went to her husband's home, where for three long years they lived in peace and quietness; for though there could be no love on her side, yet she became, in course of time, attached to him and his good qualities—his honest heart—his strong mind—his rectitude of principle—his love of truth and right—his high honour—his unblemished faith—such qualities excited her admiration, and commanded her esteem, but they could not force a warmer sentiment; and though repressing her true feelings with all her strength, yet they rose ever in her heart, pleading with ceaseless yearning for her lost first love. Three years passed, and three fair children, during that period, bloomed around the hearth of Lord and Lady Cassilis—three little lovely daughters, like rose-buds in their beauty and their similarity of appearance—each the image of its lovely mother.

Jean Hamilton began to feel what happiness was; her affection turned itself to these fair creatures, and on these she placed her hope; sighing only sometimes, as she gazed on their young faces, and thought, while she twined her fingers amid their golden tresses, and looked into their blue eyes, of him who, in all her early dreams of bliss, had been the chosen husband of her heart—the sharer of her future life and love.

The Earl of Cassilis is gone to the chase—for three days will he hunt the deer in the forests by Tynningham; and his lady remains at home to tend her infants, and to sing to her soft lute those witching strains which all so loved to hear—they were so wild, so sweet, so sad! The earl is gone to the hunting, with a gallant train of knights, and squires, and grooms, and hinds, and huntmen; with hound, and horse, and well-trained falcon; with arrows, knife, and spear. They were a gallant train; their vests were Kendal green; their plumes were dancing in the breeze. The wind swept freely through the sunlit

trees—swept through the bright locks of youth—over the stern brow of manhood—amid the silver hair of age, for all were gathered to the chase, young and old, and knight and noble, went forth with Cassilis and his dogs to hunt the deer in the woods of Tynningham.

The third day of the chase arose—the third sun shone over that gay assemblage, now loaded with spoil; their white plumes somewhat dragged and defaced by their chase through tangled copsewood, and beneath low bending trees; their vests of Kendal green all stained with the blood of the quarry;—the same sun found the Lady Jean alone within her bower.

She dressed herself in snow-white robes, and bound her hair with pearl—her hair was long and golden, and the pearl became it bravely; her waist was clasped with shining gold, and pearls were in the clasps; and every finger white and taper was decked with golden rings. She dressed her children in snow-white robes, and curled and combed their yellow tresses; her youngest babe lay sleeping in the cradle, she took the others to her side, and told them merry tales, or sang them mournful songs, to while away the time while waiting for her father.

A sound was heard approaching the house—a sound of many voices, loud laughs, and snatches of song; the trampling of feet—the clang of iron heels—the murmurs and the mingled noises of a crowd drawing near to the tower of Cassilis. The lady and her children went to the window, to see what company was approaching. Through the long avenue came a merry troop of gipsies, their brown faces glowing in the sunlight. Up the long avenue they came, and on to the broad green lawn, and beneath the huge plane tree they gathered; they were many in number, men and women and children, singing and shouting, and dancing, with a hundred uncouth pranks and gestures. There were many bonny maidens among them, with jet black hair, white glancing teeth, and witching smiles; the dark locks braided with gay kerchiefs, scarlet, blue, and gold; the white teeth shewing with double brilliancy between lips rosy red—the smiles playing over cheeks whose soft deep brown was suffused with richest crimson. There were many fine young men with the same complexion—the same black hanging locks—the same bright cunning smile—the same eyes, so lustrous, so magnificently dark, so full of an almost preternatural light, glowing like fiery coals. Then there were aged creatures, bending beneath years and hardships, but still shewing the untameable spirit of their race. And there were little children, some young as the lady's own sleeping babe.

One among the gipsies walked silent and aloof, a head taller than the rest, with a firm martial step, and broad make of figure differing from the peculiar characteristics of the tribe. But the lady did but look once, then turned her careless eyes away. The visits of the gipsies to the Tower were too common to excite her surprise, or to occasion any interest in her mind.

The lady continued her previous occupation, amusing and quieting her children; but ere many minutes had elapsed, her old Seneschal entered the room saying that one of the gipsies prayed earnestly to speak with her. The lady hesitated; it was not her wont to see strangers in the absence of her lord. But the Seneschal spoke so of the earnest manner of the gipsy—his gentle tongue, and humble entreaties for admittance, that she consented that he should be ushered into her presence. He came! The Seneschal opened the door for his entrance, then closed it behind him. The lady and the gipsy, saving the presence of her infants, were alone; he ascertained this ere he advanced close to her, and displacing the cloak that shrouded the lower part of his face, turned upon her the unforgotten features of her first lover—Johnie Faa!

It was, indeed, her early love! Oh, lost so long—so long unheard of—he had returned at last! No shriek burst from her lips—no cry; only one low murmur—the murmur of a heart too full for utterance—gave token of all she felt! It was himself! unchanged in all—unchanged in personal beauty, with the same dark, passionate eyes, burning upon her own—the same proud, melancholy countenance—the lips, speaking even when silent—the earnest, honest expression—heart and soul breathing forth upon that face, unchanged in mind and spirit, as his present daring—his present attempt, after long years of absence—of desertion—of wrong—too plainly proved.

They did but gaze one moment—then rushed into each other's arms.

Poor hearts—so rudely parted! True hearts—true though so much despair, eling closely while ye may; beat—beat together;—beat with your vain delight! Ah, would that upon this moment ye might break! It was a moment of delight—of joy unspeakable; there was no alloying feeling mingling with that rapture. All but the bliss of meeting was forgotten; forgotten was the past anguish—the insurmountable gulf between them—the agony behind—the agony before—the coming and the gone-by despair. Only that moment then dwelt with them—all else to them was nothing.

The lady raises her head, only to gaze up into his face; silent from emotion, and yet too blest for tears. His lips move, but no words issue thence; delight hath made him dumb. The children, playing at their feet, look with unconscious wonder on the stranger—half fearful, ignorant of wrong, yet thinking of their father. The lady meets their inquiring eyes—she partly withdraws herself from the grasp of her lover.

"Ah, wherefore didst thou come?"

Long silence follows. Again, one long embrace—heart, soul, and spirit meeting at the touch.

Oh, a first love is a hard bond to break; and, oh, though she may seem weak and guilty through all that is to come, yet think what she has suffered—think what her fate hath been—think of the mighty passion suppressed so long, now finding outlet—think of the heart, so long held silent, now in that mute eloquence finding speech—thing of the long unaccompanied years during which those souls have yearned for their predestined mates, that yearning at last satisfied, the kindred spirits met—think of all this, of all love is, of all it endures, inflicts, teaches—think of all this, and judge her gently!

The Earl of Cassilis returns from the hunting; the earl, his knights, and his squires, groom, hind and huntsman, wearied dog and wearied horse. The earl rides swiftly forward; wearied dog and wearied horse, groom, and hind, and huntsman, lag slowly home. The earl alights at his gate; his servants meet him at the door, with downcast looks they hold his bridle; they lead his steed to stall. The earl is a proud man, and seldom holdeth converse with inferiors; he asks no questions, but passes through them all, and climbs the stately stairs. Why is his babe crying in its cradle? He starts as he listens to its feeble wail! Why are his infants, subdued and silent, watching by that lonely cradle? The earl strides up the room—his children spring into his arms—his crying babe smiles as he nods his tall plume above its rest. But where is his wife!—where is their mother!—where is Lady Jean?

He asks his children, and all they say is—"She is gone!" He turns for information to the domestics; they stammer forth the truth—the Lady Jean is gone with the gipsy train, away with Johnie Faa!

The earl was a man of few words; short answer made he. But he put his children from him, and he left the room. He called his train of squires around him—fresh steeds are brought—wet, weary, chase-stained as they are, they mount and ride away—they mount and ride in pursuit.

Not long—not far did they ride. Where the ford crosses Doon, they came upon the gipsies and their troop; and there, indeed, was Lady Jean, with her green kirtle above her snow-white robe, and a golden net holding back her golden hair; the pearls were gone—the shining clasps were gone—the rings from off her fingers were bright upon those of the gipsy-girls—the ring that wedded her to her proud earl was worn by Johnie Faa. Hand in hand with Johnie Faa, and heart to heart, the lady passed along. She thinks of nothing but her love. Her very children are for the time forgotten—all ties of habitual affection—all pride—all honour—all womanly shame—all self respect—the purity of her unblemished name—the sanctity of the marriage-vow—every thing hath passed before the overwhelming torrent of this re-awakened passion—so intense, so desolating! Desolating, indeed, it was, bringing ruin and death alike to the innocent and the guilty; for the vengeance was swift as terrible; and for those few rapturous moments came a retribution upon all connected with the actions of that day, dreadful in its prompt avenging.

The Earl of Cassilis was attended by so strong a band, that resistance was out of the question. The whole of the gipsy troop were taken prisoners. Johnie Faa defended bravely himself and his lady-love; but all in vain. They were made captive, and conveyed back to the Tower of Cassilis.

Never a word spake the earl on their homeward ride; nor did the Lady Jean say aught to him—she knew his disposition well—prayers and pleading would have been in vain; what he had resolved, that would he do. But she turned her head ever back towards where her lover came, his hands bound tightly behind him, led by two of the earl's retainers, and with his dark eyes fixed upon her form. She heeded not the presence of her husband, but continued to cheer her knight by affectionate words and gestures—the tears rolling down her cheeks as she spoke, her sobs of anguish and despair rendering almost inarticulate what she strove to say.

Reaching the tower, the earl selected fifteen of the youngest and handsomest among the gipsy men, and these, with Sir John Faa, were placed beneath the great plane tree in front of the house; the rest he dismissed with blows and stripes. They fled in terror, howling and lamenting; the laughing, merry maidens weeping; the old men, the women, the children, all alike feeling that some terrible consummation was about to involve their friends, their lovers, their fathers, their companions, in common doom. But they did not dare to ask for mercy; they knew too well the stern earl's temper—all turned in sadness and despair away.

The earl bid that the fifteen should, one by one, be hung upon the plane tree, and that, last of all, Sir John Faa should suffer the same fate. Then, with strong arm, he led his lady into the castle, spite of her wild entreaties to be allowed to perish with her lover—spite of her loud shrieking farewells!

Johnie Faa echoed her farewells, but in firmer tones, mingled with heart-spoken blessings and prayers for her happiness. He reiterated a thousand times his expressions of undying love and worship—his thanks for the return she had made him—his acknowledgment of her affection. These two lovers, thus on the brink of separation—of death—of unknown agony, thought only of each other, and their love! To them the future seemed nothing, as the past must soon be; and all that was to come, and all their weight of guilt, and all fear of punishment in this world, or in the next, were lost in the absorbing sorrow of that parting.

The lady was dragged into the castle—the rope was around the neck of the first of the poor gipsies who was thus to die for the fault of others, when a voice, at the window of the tower facing the plane tree, was heard to exclaim—

"Yes, thou shalt see it all—see all the misery thy crime causeth—suffer as these suffer; think of the condemnation thou hast given these, then live to remember!"

All looked towards the window; there were the countess and the earl.

One by one, the gipsies were given to their death—one by one they swung upon the great plane tree. The countess strove to flee from the sight, but her lord held her fast; and all he said was, ever and anon—

"See, cruel woman!—see, what thou hast done!"

The countess writhed and struggled to be free; but strove in vain. She strove to shroud her eyes, and shut out the dreadful spectacle, but could not prevent herself from looking; every time that she opened them, she closed them instantly again with a fearful shriek; for every time some face was turned towards her own, distorted in the death-agony. At last came Johnie Faa! then the earl, leaning from the window, shouted, "Bring him nigh beneath, that my lady may look upon her lover."

They followed the earl's words; then the countess leaned forwards from the casement, her long hair streaming down; she reached her arms towards her love—she called wildly upon his name! He could not raise those fettered hands; but he answered her with tender speeches. Calm, proud, self-possessed, with no emotion visible upon that splendid countenance—save an unquenchable love for herself—save pity for her sorrow, he gazed upwards to her face. Then, murmuring a few passionate farewells, he turned towards the gallows-tree.

The shrieks of the unhappy lady made every cheek grow pale, save that of her stern husband, and her dying lover; these possessed a constancy which nothing could daunt; these shewed no fear, and no remorse.

What a terrible scene!—that miserable woman!—that dying man!—that stern husband, suffering so deeply!—inflicting so much! And those dead, ghastly witnesses, swinging slowly from the fatal tree!

This is not all. The lady lived long—lived in solitude and disgrace. She never saw more the children she had deserted—the husband she had injured. Through long—long miserable years she lingered, enduring the agony of a remembrance words could not depict—or the heart can scarce imagine.

Her husband built in her prison-house of Maybole, a stately oaken staircase, lighted by a noble window, rich with elaborate carving, and glowing with a thousand hues—the stained glass is crimson, purple, azure. Round this window, sixteen effigies of carved wood represent the gipsies, and her lover Johnie Faa—the last somewhat larger than the rest, and faithfully shewing the proud beauty of the melancholy countenance—the earnest, honest expression of the large dark eyes.

On these the sunlight falls through the crimson and the purple panes, giving them life-like hues. On these she gazes, with eyes tears could not blind; and at last, with these terrible memories for ever round her, she closes those eyes on earth, and passes to her grave.

ON GRECIAN LITERATURE.

Notes of a Series of Lectures delivered before the Under-graduates of Columbia College, New-York, by Charles Anthon, LL.D.—[Concluded.]

Grecian Literature is divided into the following ages. The *Fabulous*, from the earliest time to the capture of Troy. The *Poetic* from the fall of Troy to the archonship of Solon. The *Athenian*, from the time of Solon to that

Alexander. The *Alexandrian* from the period of that monarch to the fall of Corinth. The *Roman* from the fall of Corinth to the removal of the seat of empire to Constantinople. The *Byzantine* from the establishment of the Eastern empire to its fall.

ALEXANDRIAN AGE.

The Alexandrian age takes its name from the city of Alexandria, where letters revived after having been nearly extinguished by the wars of Alexander's successors. It commenced under the patronage of the first Ptolemies, but Grecian literature had lost by this time much of its originality, and even the language itself had begun to decline. The purest period of the language and literature of Greece was the Athenian age from Solon to Alexander. The principal feature in the Alexandrian age was the establishment of literary canons containing the best writers in each department of literature, and which were to be regarded as authorities in all matters of language.

PASTORAL POETRY.

Had its origin in this age. *Theocritus*, the chief writer in this branch of composition, was a native of Syracuse, and flourished under Ptolemy Philadelphus, passing part of his days in Alexandria and part in Sicily. This poet may be said to have carried Bucolic verse to its highest perfection and to be unrivalled in native simplicity and grace, although he still shows some marks of a decline of pure taste. He wrote in the Doric dialect. Thirty Idylls have descended to us in his name, and 23 smaller pieces or epigrams. Of these Idylls some appear to be fragments of epic poems. Two of them are mimes; several belong to lyric poetry, and the remainder are of the Bucolic order. *Theocritus* is censurable for occasional rusticity and indelicacy. For the latter there is no excuse; the former fault, however, may be defended on the ground that the poet wished to convey a faithful picture of country life. Among the Roman poets Virgil has copied freely from *Theocritus*, but the Idylls of the latter may be compared to a gallery of portraits, where every rural figure is distinctly drawn; whereas Virgil wants discrimination of character, and all his pastoral beings resemble each other. The chief merit of Virgil's imitation consists in his judicious selection, and hence the name of Eclogues has been given to his pastoral poems.

Theocritus, as has been just remarked, is often coarse and unpleasing, and his most beautiful descriptions appear somewhat too crowded. Virgil, on the other hand, refines away what is gross, and throws aside what is loaded and superfluous. His pastoral characters, however, are too refined. Among the Idylls of *Theocritus* one in particular has excited great attention. It is the "*Epithalamium of Helen*," and bears a strong resemblance to the song of *Solomon*; so much so, in fact, that the Greek poet is thought by many to have seen a translation of the original into his native tongue. The correctness of this opinion, however, is very doubtful. The poetry of *Theocritus* is remarkable for vivacity and strength of colouring as well as great adherence to nature, and the cadence of his verse is extremely musical.

ELEGIAC POETRY.

Callimachus, the principal writer in this branch of composition, was a native of Cyrene, and during the earlier part of his life gave instruction in belles-lettres at Alexandria. Among his pupils were Apollonius of Rhodes, Eratosthenes, and Aristophanes of Byzantium. Being subsequently placed by Ptolemy in the Museum, he began from this time to turn his attention to poetic composition, and succeeded so well as to be loaded with honours by the monarch, and greatly admired by all.

He is said to have composed 800 pieces, but only a small number have reached us, and these present him as a cold poet, wanting energy and enthusiasm, and supplying genius by erudition. His elegies were held in high estimation by the Romans, and were imitated by Ovid and Propertius, but we have only fragments of them remaining. Of his minor pieces, one of the most famous was that on the "*Tresses of Berenice*," (Queen of Ptolemy 3d), which was translated by Catullus [rather an imitation than translation]. Another remarkable poem was the *Ibis*, directed against Apollonius of Rhodes, and charging him with ingratitude. *Callimachus* wrote also numerous hymns, of which we have six remaining. We have also 74 epigrams that have come down to us. They are regarded among the best of antiquity. He composed also several prose works, which are now lost.

DIDACTIC POETRY.

This was much cultivated during the period of which we are speaking, as being in accordance with the learned character of the age.

Aratus was one of the most eminent poets in this department. He was born at Soli (Pompeiiopolis) in Cilicia, and became a great favourite with Ptolemy Philadelphus. *Aratus* composed an astronomic poem, entitled "*Φαινόμενα καὶ Διοσκουρία*," or "*Appearances and Signs from Jove*." The subject of the poem was the courses and influences of the heavenly bodies. It was highly esteemed by the ancients, was marked by a correct versification, and enriched with happy episodes, although a little too methodical in its form. *Aratus* is quoted by St. Paul in his speech before the Areopagus, "for we are his offspring." Quintilian's opinion of him is rather unfavourable; Cicero's the reverse. His poem was thrice translated into Latin, by Cicero, Germanicus, and Avienus. Of Cicero's translation we have only some fragments left. Of that of Germanicus we have the first 721 verses and the commencement of the second part. Virgil is under many obligations to *Aratus* in different parts of his *Georgics*.

Nicander: Suidas makes him to have been a native of Colophon, but according to *Nicander's* own account, he was born at Claros in Ionia. He was a poet, physician, and grammarian, and flourished B.C. 140, during the reign of Attalus, the first King of Pergamus. The greater part of his poems are lost. Cicero cites and praises his poem on "*Husbandry*," entitled "*Τρυπητά*," from which Virgil borrows in his poem of the same name.

He wrote also "*Metamorphoses*," or "*Ἐτεροποιήματα*," from which Ovid is thought to have taken the first idea of his own poem. Both are entirely lost. Two poems, however, of *Nicander's* have reached our times; one entitled "*The-riaca*," and the other "*Alexipharmaca*:" the first treating of antidotes for the bites of venomous animals, the other of antidotes against poisons. *Plutarch* denies him the title of poet, while the elder *Scaliger* praises highly the polish and elegance of his verses. Whatever the merits of *Nicander* may be as a poet, he certainly ranks very high as a didactic writer; and those who came after him and treated of the same topics have done little more than copy his descriptions and follow his rules. *Nicander* appears to have possessed very correct views of physiology, considering the age in which he lived. According to him poison is most fatal when taken fasting, a remark which implies his acquaintance with the fact that the vessels absorb most readily when in an empty state; and hence he nowhere recommends bleeding, lest by emptying the vessels the absorption of the fluid and its distribution over the system be promoted.

EPIC POETRY.

The only epic poet of the Alexandrian age whose work now remains is *Apollonius of Rhodes*. He was a native of Alexandria, but was called the Rhodian, from his having lived a long time in the island of Rhodes. *Apollonius* was a pupil of *Callimachus*. He renounced, however, the erudite style of his master, and followed in preference the track of Homer. A quarrel arose in consequence of this between him and *Callimachus*, and the enmity continued until the death of the latter. *Apollonius* having read in public his (Homeric) poem on the Argonautic expedition, was hissed by the party of his master, and through mortification at this treatment, retired to Rhodes, where he taught rhetoric, and obtained the rights of citizenship. Under Ptolemy V., however, he succeeded *Eratosthenes* as librarian in his native city. Only one of his poems has reached us, viz., that on the Argonautic expedition, in 4 bks. The plan is too historical for poetic composition, neither is there any unity of interest in the poem, for Jason is not the only hero, and, if he were, his character is not sustained to the end. The character of Medea is also a miserable failure, and we see in it passion at variance with female modesty and filial piety. Still there are in the poem some beautiful descriptions, and it is pure in diction and generally pleasing in versification. *Longinus* calls him "*ἄπτερος*;" and *Quintilian* speaks of him as "*æqualis mediocritas*." He never, in fact, rises to the sublime nor descends to the vulgar and lowly.

Lycophron: it is a very difficult matter to classify this poet, the ancients regarding him as a tragic, the moderns as a lyric writer. He was a native of Chalcis, in Euboea, and flourished under Ptolemy Philadelphus. *Lycophron* wrote numerous tragedies, but we have only the titles of 20 remaining. A single composition of his has come down to our times entitled "*Cassandra*." It is a species of monologue. *Cassandra* predicts to Priam the fall of Troy and the various misfortunes of the principal actors in that scene. Although possessing no poetic merit, it is nevertheless regarded as a great treasure-house of mythology and history. The poet purposely envelopes his subjects in the deepest obscurity, and hence the poem is called "*τὸ σκοτεινὸν ποίημα*." He resorts to every artifice in order to prevent his being clearly understood, never calls any individual by his true name, but designates him by some circumstance in his history. *Lycophron* abounds also in unusual constructions, separates words which ought to be united, forms singular compounds, and frequently indulges in the boldest metaphors. His poem became on these accounts a very great favourite with the Alexandrian grammarians, who composed numerous commentaries upon it. We are indebted to *Tzetzes*, who lived in the 12th century of our era, for a compilation made from these same commentaries, and without this aid *Lycophron's* poem would be altogether unintelligible.

PHILOLOGY.

This age was remarkable also for the rise of philological studies. During the previous ages of Grecian literature, grammatical and critical erudition had formed no separate branch of knowledge, and studies of this kind may be said to have properly commenced only about the 3d century before the Christian era. One of the great objects of the early grammarians was to classify the ancient writers, and in this way to form what are called *literary canons*, the writers composing which were to be regarded as authorities in their different departments of composition. For example, the *Epic Canon* contained the names of Homer, Hesiod, *Pisander*, *Panyasis*, and *Antimachus*. In the *Tragic Canon* we have *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, *Ion*, *Achæus*, and *Agatho*, of the first class, and in the second class seven other tragic writers, hence called the "*tragic pleiades*," *Lycophron* closing the list. In all the canons there were contained the names of 75 authors, of about 25 of whom we have remains at the present day. The two most eminent grammarians of this age were *Aristophanes* of Byzantium, and *Aristarchus*.

Aristarchus was a pupil of *Zenodotus*, and arranged and commented upon the poems of Homer, Hesiod, *Pindar*, and others. His edition of Homer was very famous, though inferior to that of *Aristarchus*. He was also the inventor of accents and marks of punctuation, and was the first compiler of the celebrated literary canons, subsequently perfected by *Aristarchus*. These canons were much needed as authorities in language. Books were multiplied, and were still multiplying rapidly, and it was no difficult matter to find among this mass of productions authorities in defence of the most vicious forms of expression. Hence the necessity began to be felt of criticism as an art. These same canons however also operated injuriously. The degree of importance attached to productions of the first class drove out of circulation many works that were not indeed ranked in this class, but might nevertheless have frequently disputed the prize with those productions of which it was composed, for it must be remembered that in these canons we are altogether at the mercy of the ancient grammarians. In this way we have lost no doubt many valuable works. Only one small fragment remains of the productions of *Aristophanes*.

Aristarchus, a pupil of *Aristophanes*, was the most celebrated critic of all antiquity, and his name is even now synonymous with an acute and accomplished philologist. He had, of course, numerous pupils, and at one time there were at Alexandria and Rome 40 eminent teachers of the critical art who had proceeded from his school. He was the author of a new edition of Homer, which serves as the basis of our modern text, though somewhat altered by subsequent grammarians. He divided the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into 24 books or rhapsodies, commented on many of the ancient poets, and left behind him 800 productions, but we have only at the present day a few grammatical observations remaining, which have been preserved by one of the ancient scholiasts.

ROMAN AGE.

This age extends from the capture of Corinth B.C. 147, to the establishment of the seat of empire at Constantinople, and contains about five centuries.

SCHOOL OF HISTORY.

Polybius was a native of Megalopolis, in Arcadia, and was born B.C. 203. His father was prætor of the Achaean republic, and a friend of *Philopœmen*, under whom *Polybius* learned the art of war. Having been sent as a hostage to Rome, at the age of 40 years, he remained absent from his country in consequence a long period, and became the friend of the younger *Scipio* and his companions in arms. For the purpose of procuring materials for his intended history *Polybius* travelled over a large part of Gaul and Spain, and even made some voyages in the Atlantic. He also obtained access, through the friendship of *Scipio*, to the public records in the Roman capital. During the war which ended with the overthrow of the Achaean league, *Polybius* was in Africa, being present with *Scipio* at the siege of Carthage. He was subsequently appointed Roman commissary for the Peloponnesus, and made himself very popular in the discharge of this office. He died at the age of 82.

Polybius' great work was a general history, in 40 books. It embraced a period of 53 years, from the 2d Punic war to the reduction of Macedonia beneath the Roman sway and its formation into a province. His object was to show that the Romans did not attain to their great power by blind fatality. He develops, on the contrary, the various causes which led to this result. Neither does he confine himself to Roman events, but takes in all contemporaneous history.

We have only the first five books entire, and then fragments of the rest as far as the 17th, and, of the other books after those, merely what is found in two meagre abridgements, made by order of *Constantine Porphyrogenitus* in the 10th century. The part that is lost embraced events of which the historian himself was an eye-witness, and this loss therefore must be regarded as irreparable, although *Livy* made frequent use of this portion of the work. A peculiar feature in the history of *Polybius* is his not merely relating events but giving their causes, together with attendant circumstances. His object was to form the judgment of his reader and fit him for the administration of public affairs. Hence the title of the work, "*Ἱστορία Πραγματικὴ*," or "Historical Library." It was in 40 books, and occupied 30 years of his life. The period which it embraced was 1100 years, from the earliest times to about 60 B.C. Only a small part of this work remains. We have from the first to the fifth book, and then from the 11th to the 20th, both inclusive, and after this, fragments of the other books. *Diodorus* possesses one great superiority over most of the ancient historians in indicating the order of time. Still, however, his chronology presents many difficulties from his arranging his narrative in accordance with the Roman calendar and consular fasts. His style is clear and easy, and marked by no affectation, though sometimes careless and diffuse, and wanting connection and order. He does not possess the art of setting forth facts in luminous arrangement, but he ranks very highly for sound judgment and impartiality.

Dionysius of Halicarnassus came to Rome at the close of the civil wars, and spent 22 years in that capital. He employed this period in acquiring the Latin language and collecting materials for a work on the early history of the Roman state. It consisted of 20 books, and was entitled "*Ρωμαικὴ Ἀρχαιολογία*." He brought down the work to the period where the history of *Polybius* commenced, and his object was to present the Romans in a favourable light to the Greeks, not as the descendants of a band of robbers, but as of kindred origin with the people. We have only at the present day the first 11 books, and some fragments of the remaining nine. The production is of great importance for the study of Roman antiquities. The author enters into details about the Roman constitution and the internal affairs of the republic, which we do not find elsewhere, and we would have of course a very imperfect notion of these matters without his help. *Dionysius* displays considerable acumen and discernment, though deserving of censure for recounting the fables connected with the origin of the Romans, as if they had been historical facts. His style is modelled after that of *Polybius*, and, as may be expected, is not marked by classic purity. His harangues also are tedious and of too frequent occurrence. Among his other works may be named a treatise, "*Περὶ Συνθέσεως Ὀνομάτων*," on the "Arrangement of Words;" and another entitled "*Τεχνὴ Ῥητορικὴ*," "Art of Rhetoric." This latter work is very corrupt, and very probably was not written by him. It appears, in fact, to be a mere cento from various rhetorical writers.

Josephus was of Jewish origin, and son of *Matthias*, one of the Sacerdotal

order, and born in Jerusalem A.D. 37. He joined in early life the sect of the Essenes, but becoming soon tired of their ascetic mode of life, he attached himself to the Pharisees. In his 26th year he undertook a voyage to Rome, but was shipwrecked in the Adriatic and carried to Puteoli. The object of this voyage was to obtain the release of certain priests who had been sent to Rome by Felix. *Josephus* managed to ingratiate himself with the empress *Poppæa*, obtained the release of his countrymen, and returned home. During all this time he had been actively employed in acquiring the Greek language, which few of his countrymen could write, and still fewer speak, with any degree of correctness. He found on his return the Jews on the point of revolting against the Romans, and endeavoured to dissuade them from this step, but was compelled at last to make a common cause with them, and held several commands in their army. He distinguished himself by opposing the attack of *Vespasian* and *Titus* at Jotapata, a town of Judæa; but finally surrendered to *Vespasian*, and gained his favour by predicting that he would, in two years from that time, be at the head of the Roman empire, a prophecy which was actually accomplished. He obtained his freedom when this happened, and assumed the præ-nomen of *Flavius*, to indicate that he considered himself a freed man of the emperor's. On the capture of Jerusalem, *Titus* offered him any boon he wished to ask, and he chose in consequence the sacred books together with the lives of his brother and some friends. He spent the remainder of his days in Rome, enjoying the favour of *Vespasian*, *Titus*, and *Domitian*.

Josephus wrote at Rome a *History of the Jewish war*, in Syro-Chaldaic, for the use of his own countrymen in the east, and he afterwards translated it into Greek for the benefit of the western Jews and Romans. Both *King Agrippa* and *Titus* bore testimony to its accuracy, and the latter ordered it to be placed in the public library. It was translated into Latin by *Cassiodorus* in the 5th century. His other great work is on the *Antiquities of the Jews*, and gives their history from the earliest times down to the reign of *Nero*. The object of *Josephus* in composing this work was to make his nation better known to the Greeks and Romans, and in order to effect this he allows himself an unpardonable license by removing from his narrative much of what the religion of the Jews deemed most worthy of veneration. He did this in order not to shock the prejudices of the Greeks and Romans. *Josephus*, in a word, treats the books of the Old Testament as if they were mere human compositions. Still his antiquities are extremely interesting, and fill up a void between the last books of the Old Testament and the beginning of the New. The celebrated passage which occurs in this work relative to our Saviour is now deemed spurious, it being more natural to suppose that *Josephus* would have kept silence respecting our Saviour, not being able to say any thing evil of him, and not wishing to say any good.

Arrian was a native of *Nicomedia*, and flourished in the 2d century under *Hadrian* and the *Antonines*. He obtained the rights of Roman citizenship, was patronized by the emperor *Hadrian*, and made prefect of *Cappadocia*. *Arrian* distinguished himself by his military movements against the *Massagetæ*, and, like *Xenophon*, with whom he is often compared, united military talents with literary taste. He was advanced eventually to the senatorial and consular dignities. *Arrian* composed numerous historical writings, of which only two, with some fragments of others, remain. The first of these is a *History of the Expedition of Alexander*, sometimes called the *Second Anabasis*. It is compiled from histories of the expedition written by *Ptolemy Lagus*, and *Aristobulus*. *Arrian* possessed a much sounder judgment than *Quintus Curtius*, and indulged far less in the marvellous. In this work is added a "*Book on the Affairs of India*," in which he pursues the history of *Alexander*, but it is not deemed of equal authenticity with the previous production. *Arrian* composed also a "*Periplus of the Euxine Sea*," written by him while prefect of *Cappadocia*, and also a *Periplus of the Erythraean Sea*, the authenticity of which, however, is extremely doubtful. We have likewise from his pen an "*Eucheiridian*," an excellent moral treatise containing the discourses of *Epictetus*.

Dio Cassius was born in *Bythynia*, A.D. 155. His true name appears to have been *Cassius*, to which he prefixed *Dio*, as being descended on the mother's side from *Dio Chrysostom*. He passed the greater part of his life in public employments, was a senator under *Commodus*, was highly esteemed by *Alexander Severus*, and appointed by the latter his colleague in the consulship. *Dio Cassius* published a Roman history in 80 books, the fruit of his labours and researches for the space of 22 years. This work embraced a period of 983 years, from the foundation of Rome to A.D. 229. We have first a summary of Roman history down to the time of *Julius Cæsar*. After this the writer enters more into details. From the time of *Commodus* he becomes very circumstantial, relating what passed under his own eyes. We have remaining of this work fragments of the first 35 books, a part of the 36th, the succeeding books, to the 54th inclusive, almost entire; then the 55th, with numerous lacunæ, from the 55th to the 60th entire, and then from the 61st only fragments. There is, however, an abridgment from the 39th book to the end, which was made by order of the emperor *Michal Ducas*. The abridgment was *Xiphilis*, a writer of the 11th century. *Dio Cassius* takes *Polybius* for his model, but is by no means equal to him in soundness of views or in just and accurate reasoning. He is often deficient in impartiality. His style also is very unequal. Still the work is extremely valuable, filling many lacunæ in Roman history, and its author is our only guide for the events of his time. He manifests, however, too much prejudice against the philosophers, and treats the character of *Cicero* with injustice and great severity.

Herodian flourished during the first part of the 3d century. Few particulars of his life are known. His native place, however, is thought to have been *Alexandria*. He is said to have filled several honourable stations and to have commenced his history late in life. His work contains a narrative of the reigns of those emperors under whom he had lived, and whose persons he had

approached. His history is divided into 8 books, commencing with the death of Marcus Aurelius and coming down to the accession of the third Gordian, or in other words, from A.D. 180 to 238, a period of 58 years, under 17 princes, who reigned either successively or conjointly. The work of Herodian is almost the only chronicle we have of this period, and is distinguished for accuracy and fidelity. As a writer he displays good sense and some judgment, and his style is clear and agreeable. His great fault, however, is his neglect of chronology and ignorance of geography.

Plutarch was a native of Cheronæa in Bœotia, born about the end of the reign of Claudius, or about the middle of the 1st century. He came to Rome at a comparatively early age, but passed only a short time there and spent the remainder of his days in his native country. Plutarch owes his chief celebrity to his biographical writings or lives of celebrated Greeks and Romans.

These sketches are very interesting, and are full of valuable information. Still, as a biographer, Plutarch is open to the following objections:—1st, his characters are all of a piece. He represents them either as completely enslaved by some passion or as perfectly virtuous, and no medium characters appear in fact in the course of his work. In the next place he entirely neglects the order of chronology, and hence his narrative frequently presents only an incoherent mass of facts, and leaves but a confused impression on the mind. On the other hand, his lives form a complete treasure of practical philosophy, and are filled with sound and useful maxims. They throw, moreover, important light on Greek and Roman history, since the author has drawn from many sources which are now closed to us. Plutarch is open to the charge of partiality, a desire of showing that there was a time when the Greeks were superior to the Romans pervades all his writings. His want of acquaintance, moreover, with the Latin tongue leads him into numerous errors, and he confesses this ignorance in his lives of Demosthenes and Cato. His style, moreover, is not pure, but overloaded with erudition. He wrote numerous other works, among which may be named "*Roman Questions*," or researches into certain Roman usages, "*Grecian Questions*," a work similar in its nature to the preceding one; two Discourses on the valour of Alexander, the object of which is to show that Alexander's success was owing to himself; a work on the Fortune of the Romans, ascribing the exploits of that people more to chance than to valour; A *Treatise on Isis and Osiris*, illustrating certain parts of Egyptian mythology. This last displays great want of critical skill, though it contains many curious remarks about the mythology of that singular people. The Dissertation on the malignity of Herodotus is a work of inferior value, while the biography of the ten orators is now considered supposititious.

Appian was a native of Alexandria, and flourished at Rome under Trajan, Hadrian, and the Antonines. He wrote a Roman history originally in 24 books, embracing the history of the Republic to the time of Augustus. Appian abandons the synchronistic method, and gives the history of Roman operations by countries, as for example, the wars with the Samnites, with the Gauls, with Hannibal, &c. We have only fragments remaining of the first 5 books, while the others in part remain and in part are lost. Of all his history we may be said to have 10 books remaining. His work is evidently a compilation, but still it is very important to us as having been drawn from sources which no longer exist. The fulness of detail in which he indulges renders his work extremely interesting to military readers, although his plan does not show much judgment. But setting aside this last circumstance, he is not deficient in critical views of his subject nor in sagacity as a writer. The gravest reproach against him is his partiality towards the Romans, which makes it necessary therefore, to read him with great caution. His style is modelled after that of Polybius, but he is far inferior to that writer.

Diogenes Laertius, so called from his native city Laertes in Cilicia, wrote the lives of the philosophers in 10 books, a work which is still extant. He lived during the reigns of Septimius Severus and Caracalla. Diogenes divides all the philosophers of whom he writes into two classes, those of the Ionic and those of the Italic school, deriving the first from Anaximander and the second from Pythagoras. The first seven books are devoted to the Ionic, the last three to the Italic philosophers. This work is one of the most valuable that has come down to us from ancient times, in consequence of its containing numerous facts and notices as well as passages from works now lost. Diogenes was of no particular sect, although he leaned to that of Epicurus. He is extremely impartial, but on the other hand credulous and often inexact, and is sometimes deficient in critical acumen and judgment.

Philostratus was a celebrated sophist, and lived towards the end of the 2d century. The most famous of his works is his *History of Apollonius of Tyana*. He wrote it at the request of the Empress Julia, the wife of Septimius Severus, who had a strong literary taste. Apollonius himself appears to have been a great charlatan and wonder-worker. Philostratus, however, wishes to make him appear a supernatural being, and is thought to have written this work as a set off to the Life and miracles of our Saviour. He compiled his history from the biographies of three preceding writers, but the work is destitute of any critical arrangement, is filled with the most absurd fables, and swarms with geographical errors and anachronisms. Still, however, it is valuable for the light which it throws upon the Pythagorean philosophy, and the history of the Roman emperor after Nero.

THE ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY.

Of two evils choose the least: unsightly straight lines and high level embankments, or curves and undulations with an engine-house at from every three to five miles. These latter, however varied in form, must present to the eye a wearying repetition; and yet we would prefer the country studded with stacks than intersected with deep cuttings and barriered with walls of earth: and so would the fox-hunter; for the atmospheric railway would be but a leap, and no obstacle to his gallop. We do not mean, however, to say that this line can be

carried over hill and dale on the surface-level of the land, only that the necessity for easy gradients is greatly diminished, and inasmuch the obligation for sunken and raised roads. But it is not to discuss the picturesque, or the convenience of the cross-country gentlemen, that we give space to an article on the atmospheric railway, compiled from the Dublin papers; it is to shew the results of nearly a month's practical working, and to recount new facts of experience. During a recent visit in August last to Kingstown, the preparation and the progress of the work were objects to us of great attraction; and we admired the spirit, although unable to discover the wisdom, of the projectors. An old tram-road, running from Kingstown to Dalkey, appeared to point out the line; the course of this was nearly followed, but at a much lower level, and the cutting, for the most part, was through hard rock, requiring blasting. A very little alteration of the tram-road seemed wanting for the atmospheric way, and yet considerable cost was incurred. We presume that reasons good and sufficient can be given in explanation other than the steepness of the old incline. The ascent, however, of the new experimental line is considerable; and in other respects, in its short length of a mile and three quarters, it presents some rather formidable difficulties. Starting from Kingstown, for more than half the distance it is a succession of sharp curves, three of which are little more than 500 feet radius, whilst the ascent to Dalkey in that short distance is 71½ feet perpendicular. These, we find, are easily overcome in the working; the small portion of the distance which is unaffected by stopping or starting is uniformly passed over at a rate exceeding 40 miles per hour, the inclination being 1 in 115. The train of six carriages, crammed with passengers, has been occasionally permitted to travel at between 50 and 60 miles per hour; and on one occasion a single carriage was sent at the rate of upwards of 80 miles per hour; and at this speed the re-sealing of the long valve was perfectly effected. Several times within the last week the train has been stopped by the brakes within 200 yards, the full power of the engine being still applied; and after remaining at rest for about half a minute, a velocity of 35 miles per hour was obtained within half a mile up the same incline of 1 in 115. This is indeed success, and we think exceeding expectation.

In regard to the distance of the fixed engines from each other, many who have seen the barometer-gauge at Kingstown rising from zero to fifteen inches in two minutes, by the action of the air-pump at Dalkey, 1½ miles distant, are inclined to assume that they may be placed ten or fifteen miles apart.

The chief hindrance to this increase of distance is the leakage; or a stationary engine would draw the same load, and at the same velocity, from a distance of six miles, that it would be able to draw from a distance of but one mile. In the former case, however, the engine must work six times as long to produce the required vacuum to start the train, and it is manifest that it must also work six times as long whilst the journey is being performed. The leakage is proportionate both to the length of the valve and the time taken to exhaust the pipe of the entire of the air it contains; one portion being withdrawn before the train starts, the remainder during the prosecution of the journey. From this it follows, that if it be required to double the distance between the stationary engines, their power need only be increased in the proportion that is necessary to overcome the additional leakage; but that they must be kept at work double the time, both in producing the vacuum and in performing the journey.

It is considered that in practice a distance of from three to five miles will be found convenient, and that within these limits there is no doubt that if any one engine should meet with an accident, or require repair from ordinary causes, both its immediate neighbours will be well able to perform the additional work.

From the leakage being proportionate to the time taken to exhaust the pipe of the air it contains, it follows, and as a striking result to those conversant with the additional cost at which an increase of speed in a locomotive is attained, that in the atmospheric system "there is little or no economy in working slowly."

Another unexpected result of the atmospheric system is, that no delay takes place in the time of performing any given journey by making a moderate number of stops for a short time each—such, for instance, as are usual on English railways, when conveying the mails. Because after the train has overcome its *vis inertia* it will move forward at whatever rate the air in the pipe is being withdrawn by the pump; and although the motion of the train must be retarded in approaching a station, stopped altogether there for a short time, and again only slowly resumed, yet all this time the action of the air-pump continues, and the result is, a greater rarefaction in the pipe, which gives a corresponding increased velocity to the train, until the power and the load mutually counterbalance each other.

The relative cost of the construction and of the working of the atmospheric and locomotive systems are given in favour of the former, but especially in the expense of traffic. It appears that the consumption of steam by the huge stationary engine at Dalkey is not greater than that of one of the small locomotive engines moving along the Dublin and Kingstown line at thirty miles an hour; and a calculation has been made to prove that the combustion of five pounds weight of coal—cost, one-halfpenny—would, on this system, convey a passenger from Dublin to Cork—upwards of 150 miles—allowing six passengers and carriages to the ton. Be this as it may, one thing is certain, and a recommendation for the adoption of the atmospheric system, namely, increased security. It is impossible that collision can occur, and next to impossible the going off the line. It is chiefly at stations that such accidents may take place, and there proper precaution is most easy. There is, however, yet one essential component of success to be practically accomplished,—the passing from one tube to the other. Hitherto only a distance of a single tube has been in operation; but in a line of miles, numerous tri-milestone breaks must occur; and here we think a nicety of adjustment will be requisite. We do not, however, in the least degree anticipate an insurmountable obstacle.

In conclusion, we may point out a minor evil of a curious kind, to which the atmospheric line is subject, mentioned to us by a resident of Dalkey, and to which increased leakage may be attributable and requiring frequent repairs: it is, the constant injury to the valve by the attacks of rats and other vermin, attracted by the greased leather, wadding, &c. But this may be readily remedied, perhaps, by rendering the resinous compound unpalatable or poisonous.

Literary Gazette.

M. GUIZOT.

BY JULES JANIN.

Among other portraits worthy of attention, the portrait of M. Guizot, which all America has asked from M. Paul Delaroche (a well-merited honour), has deserved the sympathy of all. The engraving which M. Calamatta has made of this portrait of M. Guizot is exceedingly good, and quite worthy of the model. It is the puritan appearance of that convinced writer, who has passed through so many vicissitudes of fortune. Poor, without name, urged onwards by the inward feeling which promised him such great things, he had at first difficulty in finding a newspaper which would consent to print his finest pages. M.

Guizot had no youth; his father, who died upon the revolutionary scaffold, had bequeathed to him the everlasting grief of his remaining parent. In his misery the young man no longer knew whence liberty was to come; liberty had killed his father. But this monarchy which traces back so far, must it be abandoned to that abyss into which it is throwing itself headlong? It is known that at this moment in the history of France more than one honest conscience felt itself troubled and uneasy. This uneasiness, this trouble, was the presentiment of future revolutions. That which decided M. Guizot in his devotedness to the house of Bourbon was the flight of king Louis XVIII., forced to quit his throne in the middle of the night, whilst Bonaparte advanced at the head of the legions which he had assembled on his route. That which alienated him from the Restoration, which he had so well defended, was the pride, the insolence, the ingratitude of that Restoration, which had reached its highest point of power and splendour. The pride of M. Guizot was for him, like an irresistible force, in his days of misfortune. When he saw himself turned out of his places, driven from his pulpit, odious to that monarchy which he had so faithfully served, not like a courtier, but like a good citizen, M. Guizot retired without uttering the slightest complaint, and then you might have seen him such as he really is, unruffled and invincible. Poverty, so dreaded by all the men who govern France at the present day, has never alarmed M. Guizot: and it is just because he knew how to be poor, that he has reached his present high and incontestable character for probity. In his occupation as a writer, his wife was constantly associated with him,—his trusty, devoted wife, with her firm, rare mind, calm good sense, admirable courage, and profound resignation to the decrees of Providence—Poor woman, she died happy; for before dying she had foreseen the new destinies of her husband; and that at no very distant day, in a great tempest, which was gathering, France would not vainly invoke the genius, the courage, the wisdom, the foresight, of that man, who found himself reduced to become the translator of Latourneur's Shakspeare, in order to obtain a livelihood.

LINES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Out in the savage mountains,
Down in the Khyber Pass,
Women and men, babes at breast,
Are mown down like the grass:
From the dawn until the night,
From the night until the dawn,
Nothing is heard but Death, and curses
From the wild Afghan.

They toil through the swampy rivers,
They struggle amidst the snow,
But wherever they turn a bullet rings,
And a brave man lieth low.
In vain the captain cheereth;
The soldier he fights in vain:
By one and one a thousand hearts
Pour out the red, red rain.

Oh! many will mourn in India
The close of the deadly day;
Even now there was dread and trembling hearts
From Delhi to proud Bombay.
The wife in her lonely fortress,
Keeps watch for the distant drum;
And the far-off mother is looking out
For her boy—who will never come.

Yet sound, ye brazen trumpets!
For through that dark despair
A glory shines, like the lightning
When it runs through the stormy air.
There are spirits whom nought can conquer;
And foremost of all is one,
A woman, the brave as the bravest he—
Though she buries her bleeding son.

She cheereth her husband absent;
She writeth him—"NEVER yield,
But be of good heart, for England
Shall win in a future field."
All fame to the peerless heroine
Wherever our tongue prevail!
All honour surround, like a laurel crown,
The noble name of Sale!

HUMAN SACRIFICES: THE GARLANDED VICTIM.

One of their most important festivals was that in honour of the god Tezcatlepec, whose rank was inferior only to that of the Supreme Being. He was called "the soul of the world," and supposed to have been its creator. He was depicted as a handsome man, endowed with perpetual youth. A year before the intended sacrifice, a captive, distinguished for his personal beauty, and without a blemish on his body, was selected to represent this deity. Certain tutors took charge of him, and instructed him how to perform his new part with becoming grace and dignity. He was arrayed in a splendid dress, regaled with incense, and with a profusion of sweet-scented flowers, of which the ancient Mexicans were as fond as their descendants at the present day. When he went abroad, he was attended by a train of the royal pages, and as he halted in the streets to play some favourite melody, the crowd prostrated themselves before him, and did him homage as the representative of their good deity. In this way he led an easy, luxurious life, till within a month of his sacrifice. Four beautiful girls, bearing the names of the principal goddesses, were then selected to share the honour of his bed; and with them he continued to live in idle dalliance, feasted at the banquets of the principal nobles, who paid him all the honours of a divinity.

At length the fatal day of sacrifice arrived. The term of his short-lived glories was at an end. He was stripped of his gaudy apparel, and bade adieu to the fair partners of his revelries. One of the royal barges transported him across the lake to a temple which rose on its margin, about a league from the city. Hither the inhabitants of the capital flocked, to witness the consummation of the ceremony. As the sad procession wound up the sides of the pyramid, the unhappy victim threw away his gay chaplets of flowers, and broke in pieces the musical instruments with which he had soled the hours of captivity. On the summit he was received by six priests, whose long and matted locks flowed disordered over their robes, covered with hieroglyphic scrolls of mystic

import. They led him to the sacrificial stone, a huge block of jasper, with its upper surface somewhat convex. On this the prisoner was stretched. Five priests secured his head and his limbs; while the sixth, clad in a scarlet mantle emblematic of his bloody office, dexterously opened the breast of the wretched victim with a sharp razor of *itztli*—a volcanic substance hard as flint—and, inserting his hand in the wound, tore out the palpitating heart. The minister of death, first holding this up towards the sun, an object of worship throughout Anahuac, cast it at the feet of the deity to whom the temple was devoted, while the multitudes below prostrated themselves in humble adoration. The tragic story of this prisoner was expounded by the priests as the type of human destiny, which, brilliant in its commencement, to often close in sorrow and disaster.

Such was the form of human sacrifice usually practised by the Aztecs. It was the same that often met the indignant eyes of the Europeans in their progress through the country, and from the dreadful doom of which they themselves were not exempted. There were, indeed some occasions when preliminary tortures, of the most exquisite kind—with which it is unnecessary to shock the reader—were inflicted, but they always terminated with the bloody ceremony above described. It should be remarked, however, that such tortures were not the spontaneous suggestions of cruelty, as with the North American Indians; but were all rigorously prescribed in the Aztec ritual, and doubtless were often inflicted with the same compunctious visitings which a devout familiar of the Holy Office might at times experience in executing its stern decrees. Women, as well as the other sex, were sometimes reserved for sacrifice. On some occasions, particularly in seasons of drought, at the festival of the insatiable Tlaloc the god of rain, children, for the most part infants, were offered up. As they were borne along in open litters, dressed in their festal robes, and decked with the fresh blossoms of spring, they moved the hardest heart to pity, though their cries were drowned in the wild chant of the priests, who read in their tears a favourable augury for their petition. These innocent victims were generally bought by the priests of parents who were poor, but who stifled the voice of nature, probably less at the suggestions of poverty than of a wretched superstition.

Prescott's Conquest of Mexico.

ANECDOTES FROM THE BATTLE FIELDS OF SCINDE.

At the battle of Meancee, the 22d suddenly came on the main resisting body of the enemy, as they lay *perdue* in a Nullah. The head of the column suddenly halted, and of course communicated a suspensive shock to the rear. "Go on, you cowards," roared out Sir Charles Napier, not knowing the nature or cause of the momentary halt. "Cowards aye!"—responded from the ranks, "you will soon see that." A staff officer rode forward and soon saw the cause. Sir Charles was most deeply mortified at his hasty expression, and several times expressed his regret and sorrow to the body of the Regiment. "Twenty-second," said the old Veteran, "I am sorry for what I said—" "O! you're a good old cock after all," was muttered through the ranks.

Colonel Pennefather was wounded at the first battle. He had, when on the march here and there been in the habit, instead of cheering and speaking kindly to his men, to say—"come on you tinkers, come on you beggars." Language of this sort to a body of troops, under any circumstances, ought to be avoided; and, when used, it signifies a want of feeling in the heart of him who employs it. When entering the battle the Colonel thought proper to lay aside the phrase of—"come on you tinkers," and to substitute "come on my sons." "Oh! we are sons now," rang through the ranks, but we were all tinkers before; come on father and shew us the way." Colonel Pennefather's wound reminds us of that received by an officer, during the course of a battle in India. He went up to the Colonel, and complained that he had been wounded, but that he was certain the injury had not been inflicted by an enemy. "You may depend upon it"—was the laconic reply—"you got your wound from no friend."

In the last Hyderabad battle, the 22nd wore turbans, or cloth rolled round their bonnets, to protect them from falling off and to save the men from being exposed during an arduous conflict, to the heat of the sun. This was a wise and most saving precaution. When the 22nd were close upon the enemy, at the last battle the column halted until the Artillery batteries were formed. The enemy's shot was flying and whizzing and whistling over them, and the General was there. "Come my lad don't be ducking your head"—says he, "if it be knocked off, your rear rank man can pick it up." The coolness of the British soldier is well shewn by his sitting down and lighting his chuckmuck, and enjoying the solace of his pipe while the arrows of death were bustling about his ears.

"Now 22nd, all my dependence is on you, charge my men, well done!" were the exclamations of the brave leader of the field, who when not actually in the heat of the contest, was looking after the wounded men. The fire of the enemy was almost entirely directed towards the 22d; and the bayonet wounds of the latter, though deep and killing, were seldom attended with an effusion of blood which appears generally to have flown internally. The bayonet is well known to be a triangular-edged weapon, the upper edge being the ridge of two deep grooves, extended nearly to the socket or hilt of the weapon on either side. We understand that the general complaint against it is that it may be easily inserted into human body, but that from its configuration and the retentive force of the muscular fibre it is difficult to be withdrawn. In the late battles it was common for one man to fire in order to dispatch a Beloochee, after he was transfixed, so as to enable the other to tug his bayonet out of him, without the hazard of being cut down. The bayonet may be compared to the once formidable Roman pilum, and if it was flattened like a sword, it might, when opposed to an enemy, be productive of more bloody effect.

The last decisive charge of the 22nd, at the last battle, was of a fiery and impetuous character. The men fought in groups, and the restraint of order was not much observed. The General was often roaring to Captain Conway, when the foe broke, and the men were in pursuit—"have you no command over your men?" "No I have not"—appears to have been the brief and summary reply. The Grenadier Regiment under Major Clibborne is said to have reluctantly come into action, as the enemy were in full retreat. Their balls fell amongst the 22nd and wounded several, and the fact was easily ascertained by the medical men who, on extracting these balls, found them to be of British manufacture. It is said that Major Clibborne and his officers exerted their utmost to cause the Regiment to move, without any success.

The 25th N. I. solicited, and obtained the honour of fighting by the side of the 22d. Other Regiments solicited the place, but the permission once given, could not be recalled. The position occupied by this brave Regiment was ably supported, and we are assured they went side by side with their European comrades, or as Lord Ellenborough would more classically phrase it, "their friends and brothers."

Bombay Gentleman's Gazette.

GALVANIC EXPERIMENTS ON THE HUMAN SUBJECT.

We copy the following very interesting particulars from Mr. William Sturgeon's "Course of Elementary Lectures on Galvanism," lately published:—

The first experiments that were made on the human subject was by Creve, who operated upon an amputated leg, which exhibited similar phenomena to those produced in the detached limbs of other animals. At Turin, many experiments were made upon the bodies of decapitated criminals, by Vassali, Endi, Giulio, and Rossi. Other similar experiments were subsequently performed by Aldini, both in Italy, France, and in London. Those at the latter place were made on the body of a criminal, who was hung at Newgate. The phenomena exhibited by a galvanised dead man, though not differing from those of other large animals, are much more calculated to exercise an influence over the minds of the spectators. And, although the physiologist's anxious researches stimulate him to make every effort to resuscitate the subject of his experiment, and lead him calmly to a variety of modes of operating on the body, it is by no means surprising that the most horrid ideas should be awakened in the imaginations, and impressions of fear be produced in the minds, of those who, for the first time, witness the extraordinary phenomena; amongst which we behold forcible and unnatural actions of the limbs, powerful and convulsive movements amongst the muscles of the face, with distended widely rolling eyes; which, combined with the most ghastly grins and distortions of the mouth, present a spectacle of the most frightful description. The results of a series of galvanic experiments, performed on the body of Clydesdale, who was executed at Glasgow for murder, led the medical gentlemen present to infer, that, if certain precautions had been taken, resuscitation would have been accomplished, although the body had been suspended the usual period at the gallows, and much time afterwards occupied in preparatory arrangements for the galvanic process. "An incision was made into the nape of the neck, close below the occiput. The posterior half of the atlas vertebra was then removed by bone forceps, when the spinal marrow was brought into view. A profuse flow of liquid blood gushed from the wound, inundating the floor." These and several other unnecessary wounds were made in various parts of the subject, which rendered resuscitation impossible, with whatever judgment the galvanic stimulus had been subsequently applied. But, notwithstanding the severe laceration of the spinal marrow, and almost total evacuation of blood from the body, even half an hour subsequently, a most interesting effect was produced. When one of the conducting wires was placed in an incision under the cartilage of the seventh rib, and the other applied to the phrenic nerve laid bare in the neck, having one of the conductors in permanent connection with the battery, and the other run over the tops of the plates, in the manner already explained, "full, nay, laborious breathing instantly commenced. The chest heaved and fell; the belly was protruded, and again collapsed, with the relaxing and retiring diaphragm;" which was continued, uninterruptedly, during the whole time this galvanic process was carried on.

The most successful galvanic experiments on the human subject were made on the body of John White, who was executed for murder, at Louisville, United States. The neck was not broken, and the body warm, and even trembling, having hung only about 25 minutes. "The poles of a powerfully galvanic pile, prepared for the occasion, were immediately applied to him. He suddenly arose from his bench to a sitting posture. He soon afterwards rose upon his feet, opened his eyes, and gave a terrific screech. His chest worked as if in respiration. One of the surgeons exclaimed, to the mute spectators, that he was alive. Whilst thus standing, another galvanic discharge was administered, when White, with a sudden bound, disengaged himself from the wires, and jumped to a corner of the room. Some short time afterwards, he frequently opened his eyes, and his breathing became so regular, that the doctors began to speak to him, but he heard not a word; nevertheless, by the assistance of a young medical student, who took hold of his arm, he arose, took a few steps on the floor, and seated himself in an arm-chair. He appeared overcome with the exertion thus made, but was revived by hartshorn applied to the nose. He looked like a man much intoxicated. He seemed to try to give some utterance to feelings, but he could not speak a word. Though now perfectly resuscitated, and every method resorted to for the purpose of equalising the circulation, and save the patient, congestion on the brain, which increased with rapidity, shortly afterwards terminated his existence."

The phenomena developed in these two cases are of the highest importance in medical science; for, notwithstanding the want of success in resuscitating Clydesdale, and the eventual loss of White, there appear sufficient reasons for supposing, that both events were the natural consequences of the circumstances connected with the cases. In the former case, resuscitation was impossible, for reasons already alluded to; and the fatal congestion which terminated the existence of White was referable to the violence of strangulation, and not easily traced to any other cause, excepting, however, the possibility of the galvanic discharges being too powerful, and injudiciously directed. A powerful battery is never required for any medical purpose whatever, and may, by an injudicious application of its force, be the means of very serious consequences; whilst a battery of moderate power and properly employed, in similar cases, would be productive of the happiest effects. The battery employed on the body of Clydesdale, which consisted of 270 pairs of four-inch plate, brought into intense action by a solution of nitro-sulphuric acid, was far too powerful for purposes of this kind. I have already shown, that a few powerful discharges, or a continuous current of a few seconds' duration, hasten the extinction of vitality in those animals whose natural functions have been intentionally prostrated and laid dormant, for the purpose of experiment; and although a battery of fifty pairs, which would produce this effect on a rabbit, but not on a muscular man, that which was employed in the experiments on Clydesdale would be capable of subduing the vital energies, which remain after strangulation, even of an individual whose physical developments of organism were of the highest order in nature.

The tumefaction and lividity of the face, produced by strangulation at the gallows, enforce a strong probability that in no case of that kind would the functions of life be recalled into a natural state of activity, by the galvanic influence. Resuscitation might be accomplished, as in the case of White, but for want of a natural distribution of the blood, and the injuries inflicted on its vessels, directly and indirectly by the rope, might prevent that promptitude and balance of circulation essential to the propagation of life, and all the evils consequent thereon would have to be apprehended.

The chances of success would be very different in those cases of asphyxia, occasioned by the inhaling of noxious gases, drowning, syncope, &c., in which no part of the system is deranged nor injured by violence; and the phenomena developed during the operations on Clydesdale and White are promising indications of the most happy results being obtainable where the circumstances are of a more favourable description. A few moderate galvanic discharges, well directed, obliquely through the chest, from the neck on one side, to below the ribs on the other, would diffuse their influence through the principal organs of life.

By these means the respiratory organs might be expected to resume their natural functions, and the movements of the heart renew their natural impulses to the blood, which, in these cases, would not have to encounter those difficulties of circulation arising from congestion and injuries in the sanguiferous channels—the probable consequences of the rope. Running one of the connecting wires over the tops of the galvanic plates would be the best mode of operating for bringing the lungs into play, and a battery of one hundred three-inch plates would be sufficiently powerful to produce the necessary motions of the chest; and even that extent of galvanic power should not be continued if it was found that by a less power these motions could be maintained. As soon as the lungs would play independently of the galvanic excitation, the battery action ought to be discontinued, and the usual restoratives gradually and cautiously administered.

The resuscitating powers of galvanism have been confirmed in the most satisfactory manner, in some well-conducted experiments of Mr. Halse, of Brent, near Ashburton. This gentleman drowned three young whelps in cold water, and three others, of the same litter, in warm water. The first three were immersed fifteen minutes, and the latter three forty-five minutes. The experiments were commenced immediately after the animals were removed from the water, and when all of them were quite motionless and apparently dead. Those which were drowned in the cold water were placed on a blanket, in front of a good fire, and shortly afterwards one of them was prepared for the galvanic process. Two small jars, containing a solution of common salt, being provided, the fore feet of the animal were placed in one of them, and the hind feet in the other, and a connecting wire from the battery brought to each jar was immersed in the saline solution. The first momentary discharge developed signs of vitality; and a series of slight shocks, continued for about five minutes, restored the functions of life. The poor creature was then again placed on the blanket before the fire, and in a short time it began to walk about, and appeared quite as lively as ever. On examining its two fellow-sufferers, they were found to be past recovery; indeed, quite dead. By operating in a similar manner on the other three, which were drowned in warm water, Mr. Halse succeeded in resuscitating two of them, and restoring them to perfect health; but, the third dog not being galvanised till an hour after the resuscitation of the second, his efforts to restore it were not successful.

It has been the opinion of many physiologists, that there is a strict analogy between galvanism and the vital principle, and that the phenomena of life have an electric origin. Others there are who think they can identify the nervous with the electric fluid. Be this as it may, the experiments of Dr. Wilson Philip have shown, that there exists a striking analogy in the nervous and galvanic influences; and that the latter is capable of supplying the place of the former, in performing the functions of life. Having fed several rabbits with parsley, Dr. Philip divided the eight pair of nerves of some of them, by incisions in the neck, for the purpose of ascertaining their influence on the digestive functions of the stomach. The breathing of these animals became more and more difficult, and, eventually, they died as if by suffocation. On examining the contents of their stomachs, the parsley appeared to have undergone no change whatever. Others of these rabbits were subjected to the galvanic influence, by applying one of the conducting wires to the lower portion of the nerves, just below the incision in the neck, and the other conductor to the skin opposite to the stomach, so that the electric current would flow along the nerve. By this process, the difficulty of breathing was prevented, during the whole of the twenty-six hours that the operation was continued. These rabbits were killed immediately after the galvanism was discontinued, and the parsley was found to be perfectly digested, and in the same state as that in the stomachs of other rabbits fed at the same time, and left unmolested in their natural healthy condition.

These capital electro-physiological results, which were subsequently confirmed by similar experiments, conducted by Dr. Clarke Able, leave no doubt respecting the influence of galvanism, as a substitute in performing the nervous functions; and afford strong evidence of the practicability of applying this agency with advantage, as an auxiliary to the nervous agency, when the latter is too debilitated to act efficiently alone. The correctness of this view has been realised by the beneficial results that have been obtained by galvanic treatment, in several cases arising from nervous debility, and the consequent atony of the organs which they influence. And as the muscles also become excited and invigorated by the galvanic stimulus, the medical practitioner has, in it, a powerful auxiliary to his other modes of treating many of the diseases which afflict humanity.

THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Colonel Sutcliffe, "the retired governor of Juan Fernandez," has recently published a volume, giving an account of that island from its discovery by Don Juan Fernandez (after whom it was named), in 1572; and to this volume he gives the title of *Crusoniana*, from the fact that it was the well-known abode of Alexander Selkirk on this island, which furnished De Foe with the materials of his inimitable romance of Robinson Crusoe. But it is not so generally known that there was previously to Alexander Selkirk a solitary tenant of this island, and one, too, whose sojourn there, as recorded by Dampier and Ringrose, must have been known to De Foe, as will be seen from the following extract from Colonel Sutcliffe's book, in which we trace the original of the story of Man Friday, and his discovery of his father in Robinson Crusoe.

"At the moment of their [a crew of Buccaneers] hurried escape [from Juan Fernandez], one of their crew, a Mosquito Indian, named William, happened to be in the woods hunting goats; so that the ship was under sail before he got back to the bay. Poor Will had only the clothes on his back, a knife, a gun, a small horn of powder, and a few shot. His situation became still more critical when the Spaniards entered the bay, took up the anchors and cables, and, having caught sight of him, made a diligent search; but he eluded their pursuit, and remained the sole human occupant of the island.

"Dampier, in the account which he gives of Will's sojourn, states—'At first he could procure scarcely any food but seals, which he found but ordinary eating; some other articles he obtained by means of his powder and shot, but these were soon expended. He next made a saw of his knife, by notching it, and so, by incessant labour, cut the barrel of his gun into small pieces. He kindled a fire by striking with the gun flint against a piece of the barrel. Having heated the pieces of iron, he hammered them out, and bent them just as he pleased with hard stones, and sawed them with his jagged knife. By persevering industry, he ground them to an edge, and hardened them to a good temper as there was occasion; and thus he procured harpoons, lances, fishhooks, and a long knife. All this may seem strange to those who are not acquainted with the sagacity of the Indians; but it is no more than these Mosquito men are accustomed to in their own country, where they make their own fishing and striking instruments without either forge or anvil, though they spend a great deal of time about them. Having obtained these conveniences, he no longer

lived upon seals, nor did he afterwards ever kill any, except when he wanted lines, which he made by cutting the seal-skins into thongs. He had now a plentiful and comfortable subsistence, living upon goats, birds, or fish, as best suited his inclination; his clothes wore out, but he supplied their place by fastening a skin round his waist; he built a house or hut, about half a mile from the sea, which he lined with goat skins. To render it complete, his couch of sticks, raised about two feet distance from the ground, was spread with the same, and constituted his only bedding. During the period of William's residence on the island, he was often sought for by the Spaniards; and at one time, being guided by the light of his fire, they nearly surprised him. This escape, and his having frustrated, by his activity and wiles, all their endeavours to take him, made his pursuers consider him to be a supernatural being. Will could easily distinguish his friends from the Spaniards, by the rigging and appearance of their vessels and boats, and on two English ships making their appearance, he almost went frantic with joy, supposing they came on purpose to fetch him away—of such consequence is a man to himself. In order to give them a hearty welcome, he caught and killed three goats, and dressed them with the "chonta" (cabbage palm), that he might be ready to treat the crews as soon as they came on shore. On their landing, he was recognised by a Mosquito Indian, named Robin, who was the first that leaped on shore. Will had stationed himself at the seaside, dressed in his goat-skin, to congratulate them on their arrival. The meeting of the two Indians, and old friends, was affecting. Dampier gives the following description of the scene he witnessed:—Robin ran to his brother Mosquito-man, threw himself flat upon his face at his feet—who helping him up and embracing him, fell flat with his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure to behold this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also, that stood gazing at them, drew near. Each of us embraced him we had found there, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him. Dampier and Edmund Cook were his former shipmates. The latter was now only a private seaman; and Will found, that although his friend had not made so long a voyage merely on his account, they proved themselves not unmindful of him; for, as soon as they had anchored, they immediately got out their boat on purpose to send for him. They stayed, to refit and refresh themselves, from the 23rd of March to the 8th of April, 1684. Will was very useful in procuring goats, of which there was an abundance on the island; and, after having resided there alone for three years, two months, and eleven days, he embarked with his former friends, to renew the avocation of a Buccaneer.

Miscellaneous Articles.

Laman Blanchard has some "Sentences on Similes," in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, which are not only amusing, but also may be profitable to the numberless host who resort to the easy expedient of a simile in lieu of pictorial illustration, logical definition, or explanation. Similes are both helps and ornaments. "Whatever the image in the speaker's mind, to think of something like it, not merely assists his description and presents it more vividly, but it helps him to define it more clearly to himself, and to comprehend all its bearings more completely." Simile therefore is freely resorted to; and in all the multitude some are like, others little so, and many not at all; but the necessity for resorting to that help to speak is felt in earliest boyhood. "Even in school-days, when events so fall out that it is difficult at the moment to call to mind anything like them, they yet must be likened to something or other; and accordingly, we hear how 'Thwaites has been a-punching Wiglin's head like anything.' Like what, it was impossible to say; but anything is better than nothing, and the sentence could not be terminated without comparison. It is on this principle, found out so early in life, and in the consciousness of the want which accompanies us all through it, that certain phrases have been invented and dispersed through the world, as legitimate and recognized substitutes for this too general and indefinite simile, 'like anything.' It was felt, in the process of time, to be more dignified to mention explicitly some one object of comparison, no matter for its absolute and notorious non-resemblance in the particular case; and hence, by a happy social fiction, profound as some of the fictions for which the law is famous, the ingenious expression 'like bricks' rose into popularity. To hear of Ministers putting on taxes like bricks, or of Briggs smoking mild Havannahs like bricks—of one talking like bricks, and another bolting like bricks—in short, of men universally reading, writing, toiling, and begging, like bricks—paying their debts and cheating their creditors like bricks—soon became quite a matter of course. The admirable invention seemed to be universally applicable, because it nowhere applied: it was even said of persons who have a passion for erecting new tenements by the thousand, in every line-bespinked suburb of London, that they were building houses like bricks, the houses being in reality like lath." It is much better to have standard similes set up by universal consent, than to be stopping and stammering in the hurry of discourse, in the hopeless effort to devise suitable comparisons—"Don't ask me, pray don't ask me to play at cards: I could just as soon play at whist as—just as the—a—Thames." "Strange kind of people—very strange, as you properly observe, my dear Sir: I said with them six weeks, and yet I declare I know no more about any one of them than—than—I could fly." Sometimes, however, people adopt the safe plan of comparing a thing to itself. "Thus they will inform you, that a terrier in a rabid state bit a soldier, and ran off like a mad dog; that the soldier threw after him a stone like a brick swearing all the time like a trooper; that the surgeon applied his knife to the wounds like a bit of cold steel; that the patient bore it like a Trojan; while a certain pretty lass leaned over him, the tears running out of her eyes like—water."

FONTAINEBLEAU.

It is hardly thirty years ago—already two ages!—since, in that same court of the Palace of Fontainebleau, which at the present day appears so calm, stood, motionless, silent, afflicted, concealing their tears, the Old Guard of the great Imperial Army. This Old Guard, whose very name overthrew capitals, had fought upon every field of battle in the world. They were at Arcola, at Aboukir, at Marengo; they were the soldiers of Austerlitz, of Jena, of Friedland, of Madrid, or Wagram: and now, after having passed through so much glory and so many perils, they found themselves, vanquished and decimated, in that narrow space, which was their last kingdom, their last field of battle; and even this they must quit on the morrow, never again to see it, this corner of desolated earth. In this Palace of Fontainebleau, each door and each window of which is now open to the sun of May and the flowers of the garden, the Emperor Napoleon concealed himself, in his grief and his anguish. In vain had he resisted allied Europe: the Imperial eagle, mortally wounded in the sky of Moscow, had barely strength enough to come here and expire, beneath the heavens of Fontainebleau. And finally, the hour had come when the Emperor

himself must lay down this sword, which had weighed so heavily in the balance of the world; his sacrifice was completed, like his glory. Then opened the door of the Palace: the Old Guard, which was below, presented arms,—hearts beat so quickly!—tears were in every eye! They waited. At last, this army, for, to speak more correctly, this handful of brave men, saw descend into the right-angled court, which seemed to recoil before him, a single man, with a proud look and a bold step, sad, but not prostrate; he was wrapped in the gray riding-coat; he carried in his hand the hat of the Little Corporal; a single month of these misfortunes had aged him more than ten battles would have done. His old soldiers, finding him so great in adversity, were profoundly affected, and could not understand, poor heroes! how and why the Emperor and they were thus separated—they, who were always the Great Army; he, who was always the Emperor. A well-known voice aroused them from their stupor.

"Soldiers," said he to them. "I bid you adieu. During the forty (!) years that we have been together, I have been pleased with you,—I have always found you in the path of honour!" After which, he embraced the eagles, and reascended with a firm and tranquil step that same staircase of Fontainebleau, now laden with flowers.

Thus they separated—in that same spot—the Emperor and the Great Army, to go and die, here and there, all in the same sadness, in the same glory, in the same destination.

American in Paris.

HEROISM IN FRANCE.

A curious document is published in the *Moniteur*, in the shape of the report of all heroic deeds and acts of devotion which have come within the cognizance of the minister of the interior, from the 5th of January to the 9th of August; and are deemed by him worthy to be distinguished by some honourable recompense. The greater portion of them consist in the saving of persons from drowning and fire, and a very large proportion of the actors are public servants, either in the civil or military department. Some of the more striking instances of courage we shall cite in detail. The first on the list is, perhaps, the most deserving example of cool determination and contempt of death. A young girl of 18, returning from Nantua to Brenor, on the 25th of December, had missed her way while crossing the mountains of Ain, a chain which is bordered by frightful precipices. Enveloped in a dense mist, and deceived by the darkness of the night, the unfortunate girl contrived to make her way by successive descents across a series of steep rocks, when suddenly missing her footing, she was precipitated down an abyss; but, by a miraculous chance, was retained in her fall by the branch of a tree protruding from the almost perpendicular side of the precipice. Her cries of distress attracted several of the inhabitants of Neyrolles, who came with torches and endeavoured to afford her succour, but were unable even to perceive her. Fires were kept up throughout the night, and the victim was called upon to take patience till the morrow. At last the day dawned, and several persons adventured to climb up the rock, but at a certain distance it was impossible to proceed further without making a regular escalade, and she could only be saved by one who feared not to expose his life. Such a one was Carrod, the father of a family, who devoted himself to this act, and after fronting a thousand dangers, at last succeeded in delivering the unfortunate girl, who had remained suspended over the abyss for twenty-two hours. Another instance of persevering intrepidity took place near Aigues-mortes. Three women were returning from the town of Cette, when at the entrance of the canal a storm assailed them, and their frail craft was suddenly submerged. It was then five o'clock in the morning, and a man of the name of Moulin, a witness of the catastrophe, threw himself into the canal. After the most unheard of efforts, he was at last fortunate enough to seize and bring ashore the three wrecked women. This act was rewarded by a first-class silver medal. One of the acts of heroism recorded is connected with a somewhat curious circumstance, namely, the falling into the Garonne of a lady aeronaut, while attempting an ascent in her balloon. The lady's name is Lariet, and she was saved by a young man of twenty years of age, a baker's apprentice, a stranger to the town, and who threw himself into the river down a steep descent of more than twenty-five feet, without any previous knowledge of the character of the stream into which he was adventuring. One of the names of the list of these exemplary characters is that of a little girl of twelve years of age, Demoiselle Boyer, who succeeded in saving two children and a young girl of fourteen, who had fallen into the large basin of Montiaucou, which she did by throwing herself flat down and plunging half her body into the water, being held back only by the efforts of a little boy of four years old.

MALIBRAN AND JOHN PARRY.

In 1832, Mr. John Parry visited Italy, and received instructions from the great Lablache, at Naples, where he sojourned for many months; and there he became a great favourite with his maestro, also with De Beriot, and poor Malibran, and a numerous circle of distinguished personages who patronized a concert which he gave in a beautiful theatre, at a place called Posilipo, belonging to the celebrated Barbaja, who granted him the free use of it. The first part of the performance consisted of vocal morceaux sung by Lablache, and most of the principal singers belonging to San Carlo; and the second, of a burlesque on *Othello*, Lablache sustaining the father's character; Calvarola (the Liston of Naples), the Moor; and John Parry, *Desdemona*, dressed à la Madame Vestris, and introducing, in one of the most pathetic scenes, the then favourite song of "Cherry ripe," which threw the audience into convulsions, particularly the English portion of it. The burletta was repeated at San Carlo, for the benefit of Calvarola, with immense éclat.—Out of a frolic, and to oblige Malibran, John Parry gave, at a party one evening, an imitation of Lablache, Rubini, and lastly of Malibran herself, in a mock Italian trio, which created quite a furore throughout the fair city; and his company was in the highest request among the most distinguished personages in Naples, frequently singing in the presence of the king and queen. One evening, when a large party had assembled at a nobleman's mansion, where a concert was to take place, a fellow stood in front of the house, grinding away at a hurdy-gurdy, which annoyed the company very much. Malibran said, "We'll have a hurdy-gurdy of our own;" she then requested Lablache, John Parry, and others, to sustain notes forming a kind of a drone on the common chord, at the same time to pinch their noses, while she herself gave a capital imitation of the sonorous tones of that mellifluous instrument, amidst the most vehement laughter of all present. The following liberal trait in the lamented siren's conduct deserves to be recorded. In June, 1836, Mr. John Parry gave his first benefit concert at the Hanover Rooms; he engaged Malibran (whose terms were 20 guineas) to sing for him, which she did; and, at her own request, Mazzinghi's lively duet of "When a little farm we keep," which had been repeatedly sung by her and John Parry at Naples, was sung on that occasion, and vociferously encored. Parry waited on her, the following morning, to pay her; she took the money; then, seizing him by the hand, and returning it, she said, in her own energetic way, "Take that as my mite for you to commence life with; I have passed many happy and

merry hours with you in Naples—prosperity attend you! God bless you, John Parry! Peace to her manes.

Dramatic and Musical Review.

THE MOSLEM CHARACTER.

The Moslem, as the conqueror of the Hindu, next attracts attention: the haughty, overbearing Moslem. His ponderous turban, glossy beard, and flowing garments bespeak him as he is, full of self-esteem, effeminate, and proud. Instructed to disseminate his faith, yet knowing no means of conversion but the sword; as a noble, he is fiercely bigoted; as a divine, he is, too often, grossly ignorant, and, turning to his *Koran*, loves texts and dogmas in lieu of tolerance and charity; while, as a man of learning, poetry and the inflated histories of his demigods usurp the place of useful knowledge. The Moslem is fond of compliment, cunningly-devised tales, showy garments, and intrigue of every description, shading foliage, and gaudily coloured flowers. He is superlative in all things, in his improbable anecdotes, in his highly-tinted descriptions, in his own personal sense of importance, in the character of all that he may say or do. He delights in war, in the number and trappings of his horse, in the fineness of his arms and accoutrements, in the number and truculent bearing of his followers; the ordinances of his faith, in such as please him not, sit easily on his conscience; commanded to frequent ablution, even in health, he scruples not to use sand instead of water; forbidden to indulge in wine, he solaces himself with strong liquors; sworn to strict observance of the truth, none prevaricate so cunningly and, therefore, to speak leasing like a Persian, to be as dirty as a Sindhian, or to drink like a Belooche are fair comparisons. The Moslem has a high sense of family honour, and this is often his strongest principle of action; if its call demands the sacrifice of all the gentle affections of his nature it is yet unhesitatingly made, for he is stern and inflexible in purpose, holding as mere weakness all compassion towards the erring. The Moslem women, too often the victims of this character, are usually handsome, shrewd, business-like, and clever, accustomed to abject subjection to their lords, yet ruling with some authority in the sphere of their own power.

Native Indian Society: Asiatic Journal.

DRINK.

There is no axiom of health more just than that "men never have a true appetite till they can eat with relish any ordinary food." It is told of John Bailes, who lived to the age of 128, that his food for the most consisted of brown bread and cheese, and his drink water and milk. He had buried the whole town of Northampton twenty times over, excepting three or four, and said strong drink killed them all. Water manifestly is the natural beverage of all animals; whole nations, as the Mahometans and Hindoos, use it alone as beverage, and, unlike other drink, it does not sate the appetite, but the contrary; indeed, it was observed by Hippocrates, above 2000 years ago, that water drinkers have generally keen appetites. It is a fluid that requires no digestion, for it is not necessary that it should undergo any change; it is the natural menstruum which holds in solution what is essential for the nutrition and healthy functions of the body, and what has become refuse after having served its destined office and intention in the animal economy. Water, therefore, from its congenial qualities, can never much disturb the system; and when it does, it is speedily expelled by its natural outlets, the skin and kidneys. It is told of Lord Heathfield, so well known for his hardy habits of military discipline and watchfulness, that "his food was vegetables, and his drink water, never indulging himself in animal food or wine;" and Sir John Sinclair, in his work on longevity, says, in his account of Mary Campbell, then aged 105, that "she prefers pure water to any other drink." The great captain of the age is remarkable for his temperate and regular habits, his early rising, the strength and clearness of his intellect, and his good health, notwithstanding his advanced age.

EXHIBITION OF PRODUCTS OF STREET INDUSTRY.

This long-looked for event, in imitation of the French *exposition*, and emanating from the Society we had the honor of establishing some time back, came off during the gale of wind on Wednesday, near Hanover Place, Oxford Street, the central *dépot* of the Boys' FINE ART DISTRIBUTION.

At twelve o'clock, the chair, in front of the adjoining broker's, was taken by the porter of the establishment, but it is not exactly known whereto—probably into the shop, as the weather looked threatening; and the visitors, who had been promenading backwards and forwards in front of the umbrellas all the morning, looking at the prizes (which had been for some months previous opened to inspection) increased as the day advanced. The iron-gates for foot-passengers, leading from Hanover Square, were thrown open as early as eight in the morning; and many hundred persons availed themselves of the privilege by passing through them; and at one, P.M., the Maida-hill omnibus put down the Pine-apple Gate delegate, who was preceded to the spot by the banners of the Nova Zembla Rabbit-skin and Muff Company.

The first thing exhibited was Mr. Roopy's "Improved Portable Playhouse, or Knapsack Theatre," in which space and time were so economised that the lessee engaged to perform the drama of *Susan Hopley*, one hundred and twenty times within the hour. The expenses also were brought down to so small a scale, that a house of two, at one halfpenny each, left a profit to the proprietor. The drop was pulled up by a curtain ring; and, by some ingenious but simple mechanism, the scene carried away all the characters with it. Mr. Roopy begged to observe, that with this concern, the manager could easily bear the entire weight of his establishment on his own shoulders; and that the performers were mere puppets in his hands.

Mr. Flit, of the Regent-Circus, brought forward his new and improved Street Telescope, for looking at the moon. It was most ingeniously constructed, being to the eye a fine instrument of six feet long. Mr. Flit explained, however, that the telescope itself was only an eighteen-inch one, the case being manufactured at a firework-maker's, to increase its importance, in which the real glass was inclosed. The chief merit of this invention was, that the moon could be seen equally well on cloudy nights, or when there was none at all, the case inclosing an ingenious transparency of that body, behind which a small oil lamp was hung. Mr. Flit could always command a view of any of the celestial bodies by the same means, from his observatory, north-east corner of the Regent-Circus, Oxford-street.

Mr. Tite brought forward his new "Low Pressure Potatoe Can," upon an improved principle. It was constructed of tin, and warranted to bear a pressure of twenty potatoes upon the square bottom. Mr. Tite explained that the steam had nothing to do with the warmth of the fruit, but was quite independent of it. He showed an ingenious contrivance for protecting the butter to windward. This invention emanated from the classical regions of St. Giles.

Various other improvements in street manufactures were shown, including the Penny Mouse Trap, which was well worth the investment, upon the chance of catching another vocal one; the Mandarin rabbit, and the four-foot long Animal Alphabet, coloured by the new polychromochromatic process of Mr. Hardup,

who ties six brushes along a stick, and is thus enabled to paint half-a-dozen alphabets at once. The vivid blue of the horses (H) and verdant tint of the brown bears (B) called for general admiration.

A remarkable instance of trades' union was mentioned in the case of the man who stands before the Princess's Theatre; and who advertises oyster-rooms on a triangular transparency with one hand, and sells a pair of snuffers and tray for sixpence at the same time with the other.

Pauch.

MODES OF SALUTATION.

Greenlanders have none and laugh at the idea of one person being inferior to another. Islanders near the Philippines take a person's hand or foot, and rub it over their face. Laplanders apply their noses strongly against the person they salute. In New Guinea, they place leaves upon the heads of those they salute. In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person saluted, pass it gently over the right leg, and thence over the face. The inhabitants of the Philippines bend very low, placing their hands on their cheeks, and raise one foot in the air, with the knee bent. An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about him, so as to leave his friend almost naked. The Japanese take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals, in the street, and their stockings, in the house, when they salute. The negro kings on the coast of Africa salute by snapping the middle finger three times. The inhabitants of Carmene, when they would show a particular attachment open a vein, and present the blood to their friend as a beverage. If the Chinese meet, after a long separation, they fall on their knees, bend their faces to the earth two or three times, and use many other affected modes. They have also a kind of ritual, or "academy of compliments," by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflections, and words, to be spoken upon any occasion. Ambassadors practise these ceremonies forty days before they appear at Court. In Otaheite they rub their noses together. The Dutch, who are considered as great eaters, have a morning salutation, common among all ranks, "Smankelykeeten!" "May you eat a hearty dinner!" Another is, "Hoe vaart aawe?" "How do you sail?" adopted, no doubt, in the early periods of the republic, when they were all great navigators and fishermen. The usual salutation at Cairo is, "How do you sweat?" a dry hot skin being a sure indication of a destructive ephemeral fever. Some author has observed, in contrasting the haughty Spaniard with the frivolous Frenchman, that the proud, steady gait, and inflexible solemnity of the former, were expressed in his mode of salutation, "Comme est?" "How do you stand?" whilst the "Comment vous portez vous?" "How do you carry yourself?" was equally expressive of the gay motion and incessant action of the latter. The common salutation in the southern provinces of China amongst the lower people is "Yatan?" "Have you eaten your rice?"

A VISIT TO THE PYRAMIDS.

A journey to the Pyramids is particularly good fun, apart from the antiquarian enthusiasm which a man usefully gets up on these occasions. The ride thither occupies two hours and a half, and, should you fortunately be in Egypt while the corn is growing, the scene of your journey is particularly cheerful. Every inch of the ground to within two or three hundred yards of the base of the Pyramids of Cheops is cultivated. The perfume of the crisp, fresh air is delicious; the lark rises from beneath your feet; the grasshopper disports across your path. The first view of the Great Pyramid is rather disappointing. It does not augment in size as distance diminishes, nor can any one form any correct notion of its stupendous bulk by comparison with any other neighbouring object "upreared of human hands." Its neighbours, Cephrenes, Phyllista, and Mycerinas, approach it too nearly in magnitude, and bear too close a family resemblance for purposes of contrast. It is advisable, if you are bent on mounting to the summit, to disencumber yourself of all but your shirt and a pair of hose trousers, for the journey upwards must be taken rapidly, and cannot easily be accomplished with warm and tight clothing. A couple of Arabs leap on to the stones immediately above you, and offer you each a hand, while a third follows to give you an impetus from behind, and catch you in case of a slip. Up you go, panting and toiling, as you mount step after step (each three feet in height), and stopping every four or five minutes to take breath and receive the cheering congratulation of your rude guides. "Good—good—Ingless berry good!"—and then, in an under tone, and with an impudent grin and extended hand—"Bak—sheesh!" Arrived at the top, and relieved from your fatigue—for it does try the sinews and disarrange the bellows—you sit to contemplate the prospect. Now you begin to be sensible of the altitude of the pyramid. From the apex of no insignificant building could you behold so much of the works of nature and the efforts of men. Before you lies Grand Cairo, with its cupolas, fortifications, minarets, and cypresses—beneath you, and to the very walls of the town, is spread a carpet of softest green, fringed by the silvery Nile. To the extreme right, and to the left, and for the whole space before you, is the vast and apparently illimitable world of sand, where myriads of minute crystals glitter and sparkle in the sun, relieving the dead and dreary monotony of the boundless expanse. You uselessly fall into a reverie while the scenes of the mighty past flit before you, like so many "dissolving views." The history of the twelve kings, the discovery of Moses in the bulrushes, the adventures of Joseph and his brethren, the loves of Antony and Cleopatra—the more modern events, in which Napoleon and the French army, Mahomed Ali and the Mamelukes, have figured, successively occupy your musings. In a moment the vision is dissipated—your guides are at your elbow, and while one whispers the eternal "bak sheesh," with a leer, another draws from his bosom a rude porcelain imitation of a mummy, and hints, "Antique! antique! you buy? Bedouin berry good."

PUNCH ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

There are certain "Miseries of Human Life" which are no joke to any body, as Gout, Rheumatism, Tic-Douloureux, Plague, Pestilence, Famine, Law, Rates, and Taxes.

Human life has other miseries, the acuteness of which is enhanced by the amusement which they afford to everybody but the sufferer.

We quite agree, with Wordsworth, that it is wrong to derive pleasure from the "sorrow of the meanest thing that breathes." To the benevolent mind, the common informer, being pumped upon, must appear an object of pity. Alas! there are few such minds.

The nipping blast of March has bitten the nose of Loveliness. Its alabaster is changed to beet-root. Unthinking Levity titters at the sight, but Tenderness is agonised with the pretty victim.

How sorry would any of us feel, on going to an evening party with a violent catarrh, to find that his pocket had been picked of his handkerchief. But whither could he turn for sympathy and pity? A general roar ensues, which his blushes and confusion only aggravate.

We have often meditated on the pernicious tendency of pantomimes. The infant mind, by witnessing these performances, is early taught to regard the inconvenience of others as matters of jest. What amusement can be derived from the clown's contortions of agony when he puts the red-hot poker into his pocket by mistake; from the kicks, cuffs, and tumbles which befall the pantaloon? The lessons thus learned in childhood are not lost upon the man.

The youth of civic expectations may one day be an alderman. Never, then, let him laugh when the heel of Carelessness crushes the toe of Gout.

With such impressions, we have noted down a few of the miseries we have personally experienced—as things not to be laughed at.

MISERY NUMBER ONE.

Arriving in the metropolis on a wet night, with nothing in your pocket, but a letter of introduction, addressed

— Smith, Esq.,
London.

MISERY NUMBER TWO.

After spending a rather over-convivial evening with some friends, endeavoring, against the remonstrances of your wife, to pull your boots off with the coal scuttle.

MISERY NUMBER THREE.

Under the same influence, pertinaciously persisting that you could wind up your watch with your latch-key.

MISERY NUMBER FOUR.

Upon leaving the theatre to enter an omnibus; and, falling asleep, to find yourself, at three o'clock in the morning, locked up in a stable-yard.

Foreign Summary.

The presbytery of St. Andrew's have resolved to libel Sir D. Brewster, and deprive him of his office in the university, on account of his having joined the free church.

The presence of the Queen of Spain at her first bull-fight is said to have greatly raised her popularity with the Madrid mob.

MR. AND MRS. WOOD.—These celebrated vocalists appeared at the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on Sunday evening in the opera of *La Sonnambula*.

Hamilton Braham, second son of the mighty vocalist, appeared with immense éclat at the Hanover Square rooms, London, on Thursday night last. His bass is considered equal to that of Fornasari.

The *Journal de Francfort* states, that the remains of the Emperor Charlemagne have been discovered at Aix-la-Chapelle. In the year 1000, Otto III. had the tomb of the emperor opened, and in 1165 the remains were removed by Frederick I. and the bones placed in a chest; the robes and insignia of the deceased being reserved for the coronation ceremony of the sovereigns, and sent to Vienna, where they are still. The chest containing the bones, however, was lost until a few days ago, when the old chest containing them was discovered in a closet of a room adjoining the sacristy of the cathedral.

ELECTRO LACE.—A specimen was exhibited at the late exhibition of the Polytechnic Society, Cornwall, and is thus described in the report:—"Electro lace is made by stretching common net on a frame of stout copper wire, and then brushing it over with plumbago, until its surface has acquired an uniformly black colour. It is then connected with the negative pole of a galvanic battery, and subjected to the voltaic action, between two plates of copper positively electrified, which causes it to be rapidly and effectually coated with metal, each thread being enclosed in a tube of copper. When it is desired that the sheets of lace be of large size (several feet square for instance,) it will be necessary to divide the large frame by fine wires into squares of seven or eight inches, which, forming nuclei for the deposit of metal, enables the sheets to be made of any extent, and at the same time tends to strengthen the work. The uses of electro lace are similar to those of common wire gauze; but, when silvered or gilt, it forms a beautiful material for fancy work." *Athenæum*.

Amongst the immense number of patents taken out in France during the last six months, for inventions, not one in a hundred of which will probably repay even the cost of the patent, is one for a war-balloon, which, according to the inventor, a M. Gire, of Nismes, is to be navigable by means of compressed air acting against the natural atmosphere by which it is surrounded. The inventor states, that a person seated in the car of his balloon would be able, when suspended over an enemy's town, camp, or fortress, at such a height as to be himself inaccessible to attack, to pour balls, shells, and other projectiles, and ensure the destruction of every thing beneath him. This is, perhaps, one of the wildest schemes in the whole history of inventions.

The queen has been pleased to confer the honour of knighthood on James Wylie, Esq. M. D. in attendance on his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Michael of Russia. Dr. Wylie is nephew of Sir James Wylie, Bart. M. D. premier physician of the late and present emperor of Russia, and head of the medical staff of Russia, in whose service he has been upwards of 50 years. He (Sir James) has, during his services in Russia, arrived at the highest honours, having been nominated a knight of the Russian orders of St. Vladimir, and St. Anne, of the order of Leopold of Austria, of the Red Eagle of Prussia, and of the Order of Merit of Bavaria and Wurtemberg, and in 1814 was knighted by George IV., then prince regent, and subsequently created a baronet.

THE NEW BISHOP.—The Rev. John Lonsdale, archdeacon of Middlesex, and preacher of Lincoln's Inn, is appointed Bishop of Lichfield.

MR. NEWMAN'S SUCCESSOR.—The Provost and Fellows of Oriel College, Oxford, have presented the Rev. Mr. Eden to the vicarage of St. Mary-the-Virgin, Oxford, with the chapelry of Littlemore annexed, vacant by the resignation of the Rev. J. H. Newman, B.D. This result (says the *Oxford Chronicle*) has not been obtained without hesitation, if not opposition, on the part of the Provost of Oriel, on the ground of Mr. Eden's adherence to the new doctrines, and not until Mr. Eden had professed his willingness to discontinue the advocacy of Tractarian opinions.

The marriage of the Earl of March with Miss Greville will take place about the end of this, or beginning of next month.

The *Bombay Times* mentions the liberation of 7,000 Christian slaves from galling bondage, at the intercession of Captain Harris, late ambassador to Abyssinia; whilst hundreds of doomed pagan prisoners, taken in the bloody forays witnessed by the British embassy, were set at large.

Herr Hensel, professor of painting at the Berlin Academy, has returned to the Prussian capital, after the completion, in this country, at the command of the King of Prussia, of two admirable likenesses of the Prince of Wales, which are intended for the King and Queen.

SIR C. NAPIER AND HIS ARMY.—The following extract from Sir Charles's speech at the dinner given to him by the officers of the force at Hyderabad, on

the 28th of August, is highly characteristic of the gallant general, and will, we are sure, be read with deep interest. In rising to return thanks on his health being drunk, Sir Charles said:—

"I have heard, gentlemen, of a general spoiling an army, but it appears to me that the force I command wishes to spoil its general, and I will now explain in what manner I mean it. First, you win two battles for me; secondly, you made me governor of Scinde; thirdly, you give me a regiment; and lastly, you made me a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath. I feel and appreciate your kindness, favour, and friendship. Gentlemen, the good order and understanding that exist in a British army is mainly attributable to the messes of the service. When officers meet at a mess, the general and the junior ensign are on a level; every one is at full liberty to express his thoughts and feelings as they emanate. On parade the laws of reason and discipline combine to make him obey his commander. We are all gentlemen by birth and education, and consequently on a par. This is also a reason, gentlemen, that I feel your testimonials of friendship so keenly. It is not with any idea of favours or honours that you thus befriend me. You are all far too superior to such base ideas. Thus, gentlemen, the best feelings of my heart, be where I may, will be linked to you with the march in the desert, the battles in Scinde, and the dinner in the plains of Hyderabad."

THE LATE COLONEL DENNIE.—A handsome tablet is about to be erected in the new Cathedral Church of Calcutta to the memory of the late gallant Col. Dennie.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.—This eminent astronomer, the president of the Royal Irish Academy, has had a pension of £200 per annum graciously conferred upon him by her Majesty. This is at once Justice to Ireland and to Science.

WHY THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD HAS QUITTED TIPPERARY.—The Marquis of Waterford has addressed the following letter to the gentlemen of the county of Tipperary. Poisoning hounds, incendiarism, serving of Roakite notices, and other similar peccadilloes peculiar to the clime of Tipperary, do not appear to be the very methods of discouraging the evils of absenteeism:—

"Curraghmore, Nov. 8.

"Gentlemen,—I have deferred writing to you until some final arrangement as to hunting your county had been made; Mr. Millett has undertaken that office, and I now beg to thank you for the kind attention and support you have shown me during the period I resided amongst you. I think it right to state the causes which induced me to resign. You are all aware that in December, 1841, my hounds were poisoned. I treated the matter with contempt. In January, 1843, they were again poisoned. I discovered the offender and forgave him, but stated publicly that if a similar outrage were again committed I should give up hunting the county. In 1843 my stables were burnt, and, but for the prompt conduct of my servants, the whole establishment would have been consumed. From the threatening notices I had received, and from the sworn evidence of persons on the spot when the fire commenced, the magistrates came to the conclusion that the fire was malicious. I immediately determined to leave Tipperary, feeling that such a system of annoyance more than counterbalanced the pleasures of foxhunting, for which alone I proposed to reside at Lakefield. "I have the honour to be, your ob't serv't,"

"WATERFORD."

THE SELF-PRIMING GUN.—Messrs. Needham, gunmakers, of London, have recently obtained a patent for an improvement in percussion locks, by which the caps are, by the motion of the lock, placed at once in a small cavity beneath where the nipple generally is, and there held fast till exploded on pulling the trigger. By this plan the trouble of putting the caps on with the fingers is entirely obviated. The contrivance further provides that directly one cap is exploded it is forced from its cavity, and another cap instantly takes its place. The caps are contained in a hollow groove along the side of the stock, which groove is covered with a small plate of brass, which does not increase the bulk nor render the stock unsightly. The groove holds sixty caps, which lie in it in such a way that it is an impossibility for them to stick in or block up the passage to the lock, and there is a small and simple instrument to feed or replenish the groove or reservoir when empty. The invention is stated to have these advantages over the method now in use: additional power, from the cap of priming being brought immediately upon the charge without the intervention of a nipple, the impossibility of the caps falling off or being lost, the protection of them from wet, the total avoidance of danger from the caps flying to pieces so as to injure the shooter, and the increased expedition in firing, in the proportion of five times to three. The invention is put forward as of great importance to the military profession, as the soldier will never miss fire, and will fire with a rapidity never before calculated upon, and the cavalry soldier will be able to trust to his pistol or carbine with the confidence arising from the certainty that the cap has not slipped off; a certainty on which he cannot now rely, because a very little consideration will show that it is not a very easy matter for a horseman in action to fit a cap to the nipple of a percussion lock.

MATERNAL AFFECTION OF THE WHALE.—The maternal affection of the whale for its young is very great. As soon as the mother observes a threatened danger, she clings, as it were, to the calf, tries to hide it, and often takes it between her flukes (fins), and endeavours to escape. She has even been observed to carry off the calf when it has been killed, but not fastened upon. Sometimes, however, she seems to be infatuated, and heedless of all that passes around her. If the calf has been once fastened upon, the mother will never leave it. The whalers assert that the young cows have less affection for their offspring than the old ones, and will desert them at the appearance of the least danger. It is, however, the affection of the whale for her young which becomes the principal means of her destruction. The calf, inexperienced and slow, is easily killed, and the cow is afterwards a sure prey.

Diffenbach's Travels in New Zealand

THE ELECTRICAL EEL IN THE ADELAIDE GALLERY.—The eel, as it seemed, knew well enough that we had some design upon him that he might not exactly like, for as I planted myself to wait for him by the basin, with arms raised and shirt sleeves tucked up, prepared to seize both head and tail at once, he suddenly turned back, although he had already come pretty near me, betook himself to the opposite side of the basin, and would not again swim towards me while I kept my position. I had to retire a little, to assume an indifferent air, and wait for some time before the animal resumed his circular motions. Observing now that the right moment was come, I dashed at the water, and seized the eel stoutly at both ends. The blow which the creature gave me was of the most exceeding severity; and although I used every effort to receive it with composure, my features and gestures, it would seem, must have expressed some amazement; for as I hastily drew both hands out of the water, my surrounding friends burst out into loud laughter. Nevertheless, the effect was, after all, less severe than was felt by the celebrated writer, Basil Hall, who, on making the same experiment a few days before, was struck so smartly by the

gymnotus, that the captain, on receiving the blow, fell flat on the ground. As for the strength of the shock which I sustained, I should be disposed to compare it with those which a Leyden jar of the largest size, fully charged, or a hydro-electric battery of some 200 pairs of plates, is able to give.

Diary of a German Naturalist.

THE LIBERATOR'S RETREAT.—A clever sketch, in the style of Gilray, appears in the last number of the *Warder*. The "Liberator," by means of a ladder planted and guarded by a mob of Repealers below, who are only waiting their leader's signal to follow him, has ascended a high wall, and is stealthily advancing towards the neighbouring window. He has nearly reached his goal, when suddenly the sash is thrown up, and "the Duke," with nightcap on head, yet wide awake, stands at the open window with a cocked pistol in his right hand, and his left hand placed on another ready for use. There is much force in the design and drawing of the sketch, but the chief point lies in the question and answer. "Where are you going, sir?" exclaims the duke, with his pistol levelled at the rascal's skull. The *Liberator*, who is in the act of dragging his legs back to the outside of the wall, replies, with an inimitable leer, "Back again, y'r honour!"

PARIS FASHIONS.—A novel patent has recently been taken out in Paris. It is for the making of clothes, in the words of the announcement, "without any wrong side." That is to say, the sleeves of a coat may be turned inside out, and the garment worn reversed, without the slightest diminution in the fashion and neatness of the article. Moreover, the make and colour are different one side from the other, so that a double-breasted black frock may in the twinkling of an eye be converted into a military single-breasted blue, and a fox-hunter's scarlet cutaway be with equal rapidity changed into the Windsor uniform, blue turned up with red. These coats are offered to the Parisian exquisite as extremely acceptable on the score of economy. The fashion has not yet reached London, but like the last piece of Scribe it is doubtless in course of translation. We shall expect, at all events, to see the invention taken full advantage of in the coming pantomimes.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—The statue of Lord Nelson, which has for the last week or ten days been exhibited within the enclosure in Trafalgar Square, has at length reached its ultimate destination on the top of the column, erected under the management and after the design of Mr. Railton. The statue was taken to pieces, in order to facilitate its being elevated to its present position. The legs and lower part of the trunk were got up on Friday morning by twelve o'clock, after six hours labour, and the upper portion followed on Saturday morning, and was united to the other portion by one o'clock. The arm was also, in the course of the day, united to the body, and the whole completed. At present the scaffolding prevents the spectators in the street from judging of the appearance of the figure of the gallant admiral: nothing but his cocked hat can be distinctly seen; the whole being surrounded with scaffolding poles and pieces of timber. The statue faces Charing Cross, and has its back turned toward the National Gallery. The elevation of the statue was conducted in a very quiet manner, and it was hardly known that it was in process of being carried up, until it had attained its utmost point.

London paper.

THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON.—The last stone of the tower was set on Tuesday. All that now remains to be added to the tower will be the supports of the vane and the vane itself. The vane will be the same grasshopper (the crest of Sir Thomas Gresham) which adorned the old Exchange, and escaped the fire almost uninjured. It has been repaired, and will be gilt before it will be raised. It has been determined that the chimera shall be restored and the peal of bells increased from eight to fifteen. The first brick of this structure was laid in January, 1831, and it is positively stated, that it will be finished, and open for the use of the merchants, by the time originally mentioned, viz. the middle of next year. The portico is completed, with the exception of the fixing of the sculpture in the pediment, which will consist of sixteen figures, in high relief, by Mr. R. Westmacott. As soon as the mass of building in front, called Bank Buildings, shall have been removed, the space will be arranged, and the statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Chantrey, will be erected.

Athenaeum.

DON'T JOKE WITH ELEPHANTS.—At the fair at Barnsley, on Saturday last, a country bumpkin went to look at Hilton's collection of wild beasts. On entering the place he began to amuse himself by giving the elephant gingerbread and fruit; but, soon growing tired of that, he thought he would try what a joke would do, and accordingly he pricked the elephant's trunk with a penknife. No sooner was this done than out of his den rushed the animal amongst the visitors, forcing the chain and the large post to which he had been fastened along with him. The elephant caught the delinquent by the collar, and threw him with great force on the ground. Up he got again quickly, and made his escape outside, but the elephant struck the temporary ceiling which the man had just raised with such force as to shiver it to pieces. The scene at the moment was truly ludicrous; men, women, and children were laid in all directions. Fortunately no one was hurt, except the elephant-pricker, who complained of his collar-bone but who may thank his stars that he did not lose his life.

Leeds Intelligencer.

DI TANTI PALPITI.—The anecdote of the "Aria dei rizi" (the rice air) belongs to Tancredi. Rossini had composed an air which La Malanotte, then in the pride of her beauty and her talent, refused to sing, signifying her objection only two nights before that of the performance. The poor young man returned pensively to his small inn. Every dinner in northern Italy commences by a dish of rice; and, as it is eaten very little done, four minutes before he serves, the cook sends to ask the important question, "Must the rice be put on the fire?" As Rossini entered his room in despair, the *cameriere* made the usual demand, and was answered in the affirmative. The rice was put down; and, before it was ready, Rossini had written the air which has since been sung all over Europe, "Di tanti palpiti," and which has retained the name of "Aria dei rizi" in Venice.

Dublin University Magazine.

OTTAR OF ROSES.—This perfume is said to have been discovered by accident. Nur-Jahan, the favourite wife of the Mogul, among her other luxuries, had a small canal of rose water; as she was walking with the Mogul upon its banks they perceived a thin film upon the water—it was an essential oil made by the heat of the sun. They were delighted with its exquisite odour, and means were immediately taken for preparing by art a substance like that which had been thus fortuitously produced.

Southey's Omniana.

SELF-MADE MEN.—Columbus was a weaver. Franklin was a journeyman printer. Massillon, as well as Fletcher, arose amidst the humblest vocations. Neibuhr was a peasant. Sextus V. was employed in keeping swine. Rollin was the son of a cutler. Ferguson and Burns, Scottish poets, were shepherds. Esop was a slave. Homer was a beggar. Daniel Defoe was apprenticed to a hosier. Domosthenes was the son of a cutler. Hogarth, an engraver of pewter pots. Virgil was the son of a baker. Gay was an apprentice to a silk mercer. Ben Johnson was a brick-layer. Porson was son of a parish clerk.

Prideaux was employed to sweep Exeter College. Akenside was the son of a butcher. Pope was the son of a merchant. Cervantes was a common soldier. Gifford and Bloomfield were shoemakers. Howard was apprenticed to a grocer. Halley was the son of a soap boiler. Richard Arkwright was a barber for a number of years.

CANADA.

RESIGNATION OF THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL—EXPLANATIONS.

House of Assembly, Wednesday, Nov. 29.

The House met at 3 o'clock, P. M., and after the transaction of some routine business, the

Hon. Mr. Baldwin said that before going into the order of the day he would occupy a few minutes in offering to the House an explanation of the circumstances which had led to the resignation of himself and colleagues. Explanations which this House and the Country would require at their hands. It was well known that 14 months ago, when the hon. gentlemen who formerly administered the affairs of the Province resigned their places, he and his colleagues came into office avowedly upon the principle of Responsible Government—principles which had received the sanction of this House the preceding year, by the almost unanimous adoption of the resolutions introduced into Parliament, with the sanction, and by the express direction of the noble lord then at the head of the Government. He and his colleagues, therefore, stood pledged to stay in the Government only so long as those principles should be fairly and justly carried out. In order that these resolutions might be brought fairly before the House, he would now read them.

Resolved—"That the Head of the Executive Government of the Province, living within the limits of his Government, the Representative of the Sovereign, is responsible to the Imperial authority alone; but that nevertheless the management of our local affairs can only be conducted by him, by and with the assistance, counsel, and information, of subordinate officers in the Province."

Resolved—"That in order to preserve between the different branches of the Provincial Parliament that harmony which is essentially necessary to the peace, welfare, and good Government of the Province, the chief advisers of the Representative of the Sovereign constituting a Provincial administration under him, ought to be men possessed of the confidence of the representatives of the people, thus affording a guarantee that the well understood wishes and interests of the people, which our gracious Sovereign has declared shall be the rule of the Provincial Government, will on all occasions be faithfully represented and advocated."

The principle then was considered to have been fully admitted, and has been uniformly acted on both by the present administration and by its predecessors. And not only has it been admitted by this House, but he was bold to say that it had received the unanimous assent of the whole country. He and his colleagues had lately the misfortune to ascertain that the Head of the Government entertained views widely different both with respect to their position, duties, and responsibilities. Had this difference been merely theoretical he and his colleagues might have felt it their duty to have avoided any occasions of interrupting the harmony that should always exist between the Head of the Government and the responsible confidential advisers, but when they found that the difference in their views resulted in appointments to office, not only against their advice—(and here he (Mr. Baldwin) wished it to be distinctly understood as his opinion and that of all his colleagues, that the head of the Government had the perfect right to appoint whom he pleased after our advice had been given, and he could appeal to the opinions which he had expressed upon former occasions upon this point) but when they found as he was stating, that the different views entertained between them and the head of the Government, had resulted in appointments not only against their advice, but in appointments and proposals to make appointments, without even consulting them so that they might be able to give any advice according to the oaths which they had taken,—when these differences led to this state of affairs, he and his colleagues felt that they ceased to be mere theoretical differences, and these were not the only practical results that these differences produced, but an important measure (the Secret Society Bill), was reserved for the sanction of Her Majesty after being introduced with his Excellency's sanction, and without the slightest intimation having been given that it would not be passed in this country, so that the public might be put fully in possession of the fact. Now, though he did not deny the right of the Governor to reserve measures for the Royal assent, yet he contended that same intimation of the intention to do so should be given, so that the country might be prepared and might know how the case stood. For what, he would ask, would be the result of a bill of this description being reserved for the Royal assent without any explanation. It would be supposed either that the Government were insincere in bringing it forward, knowing that it would be sent home to lie on the dusty shelves of the Colonial Office and never to become a law, as had happened in many other cases, or else it would be supposed that it had been introduced into Parliament without the sanction of the head of the Government. From these difficulties, what was the position in which we found ourselves placed before Parliament and the country? Responsible, and he appealed to that House whether it did not hold him responsible for every act of the Executive Government, not only for acts done against our advice, but for acts upon which we had no opportunity of advising, and of the existence of which we were ignorant until informed of them from private and unofficial sources. This state of things necessarily led to a remonstrance on the part of himself and his colleagues, and the result of that remonstrance, so far from opening a prospect of an improved system of administration in these respects, produced for the first time a frank avowal on the part of the head of the Government that a widely different view was entertained by him regarding the positive duties and responsibilities of the members of his Administration, from that entertained by them, and in their opinion by Parliament and the country; and further to a declaration on the part of his Excellency, that from the time of his arrival in the Province, he had felt that there existed an antagonism between him and them upon this subject. He had on that occasion most fully, and as distinctly, and as perspicuously as his humble abilities would enable him to do, avowed that as regarded the freedom of action on the part of the Head of the Government, he yielded it in the fullest sense, but he did claim the right of being heard.—He and his colleagues were sworn to advise upon the affairs of the Province, and they claimed the opportunity of doing so, as well as of being the first to be informed of the final determination of the Head of the Government with respect to the acts of His Administration. He would ask this House if this was unreasonable. They were held responsible by this House and the country for all the acts of the Government, and they should not be left to hear, for the first time, of appointments to office from the parties to whom they were given, or by common report. He would put it to this House whether it would sanction a system of Government under which the responsible

advisers of the Head of the Executive Government were placed in the position to hear for the first time of an offer, of the highly important situation of Speaker of the Legislative Council from the party to whom it was made by public rumour. Unfortunately the explanation growing out of the remonstrance to which he had alluded, tended to any thing but the removal of the impression of the existence of the antagonism avowed by His Excellency between their views and his; but on the contrary, to the confirmation of that impression and to the conviction that there was both the antagonism alluded to, and a want of cordiality and confidence on the part of His Excellency towards the members of His Administration, commencing with the period of His arrival, and continuing to the present time without having been communicated to them until then. He would now put it to the House whether, after such explanations as he had alluded to such an avowal on the part of the Head of the Provincial Government, he and his colleagues could consistently with their obligations to the country, consistently with their respect for that House, or consistently with their own honour, continue to retain office. If the House condemned them, all that he (Mr. Baldwin) could say was that they took a widely different view of their own resolutions from what has been taken by him and his colleagues and by the country at large. Again, with respect their differences, (here the Hon. Mr. Viger rose to order, an asked whether the hon. and learned member had permission to make these statements)—Mr. Baldwin—I have—He had permission to state everything necessary for his justification, and had not such permission been given, he would have remained silent, and would have trusted to the justice of the House to a favourable construction in his conduct. He had no intention of introducing anything but what he had a perfect right to do. And this House had a perfect right to a full explanation on the subject. If he misstated anything the Hon. member for Megantic (Mr. Daly) would have an opportunity of correcting him. He was about to allude to the fact that the differences and want of cordiality and confidence to which he had alluded had already become a matter of public rumour extending not only to acts regarding which there existed apparent grounds for difference of opinion but to all measures involving political principles. His Excellency on the one hand was supposed to be coerced by his council into measures of which he disapproved, and they on the other hand were accused of assuming the tone and position of responsible advisers without in fact asserting the right of being consulted. True it was that the Head of the Government disavowed any intention of interfering with the mode of conducting public affairs which he found existing on his arrival, but his disavowal was coupled with the expression of his opinion that it would be better if the administration of public affairs were managed by the Governor himself without requiring unanimity of opinion among the members of his Gov't in Parliament or elsewhere. He would again say that if this were merely the theoretical opinion of the head of the Government, they might have had no right to object to it; but when they found it to be the real ground of all their difficulties, resulting in a state of avowed antagonism, and a want of cordiality and confidence between them and the distinguished individual at the head of the Government, they felt it impossible, consistently with their own honour or their duty to His Excellency to continue longer to hold office. Having now explained the reasons for the retirement from office of himself and his colleagues, he had only to thank the House for the attention with which they had heard him.

When Mr. Baldwin had concluded, the Hon. Mr. Daly rose in reply and read Excellency's rejoinder, which is annexed.

The Governor General observes with regret, in the explanation which the gentlemen who have resigned their seats in the Executive Council, propose to offer in their places in Parliament, a total omission of the circumstances which he regards as forming the real grounds of their resignation; and as this omission may have proceeded from their not considering themselves at liberty to disclose these circumstances, it becomes necessary that he should state them.

On Friday, Mr. Lafontaine and Mr. Baldwin came to the Government House, and after some other matters of business, and some preliminary remarks as to the cause of their proceeding, demanded of the Governor General that he should agree to make no appointment, and no offer of an appointment, without previously taking the advice of the Council; that the lists of candidates should in every instance be laid before the Council; that they should recommend any others at discretion, and that the Governor General, in deciding after taking their advice, should not make any appointment prejudicial to their influence. In other words, that the patronage of the Crown should be surrendered to the Council, for the purchase of Parliamentary support: for, if the demand did not mean that, it meant nothing, as it cannot be imagined that the mere form of taking advice, without regarding it, was the process contemplated.

The Governor General replied that he would not make any such stipulation, and could not degrade the character of his office, nor violate his duty by such a surrender of the Prerogative of the Crown.

He appealed to the number of appointments made by him on the recommendation of the Council, or to the members of it in their departmental capacity; and to instances in which he had abstained from conferring appointments on their opponents, as furnishing proofs of the great consideration which he had evinced towards the Council in the distribution of the patronage of the Crown.

He had at the same time objected, as he always had done, to the exclusive distribution of patronage with party views, and maintained the principle, that office ought in every instance to be given to the man best qualified to render efficient service to the state; and where there was no such pre-eminence, he asserted his right to exercise his discretion.

He understood from Messrs. Lafontaine and Baldwin, that their continuance in office depended on his final decision with regard to their demand; and it was agreed that at the Council, to be assembled the next day, the subject should be fully discussed.

He accordingly met the Council on Saturday, convinced that they would resign, as he could not recede from the resolution which he had formed; and the same subject became the principal topic of discussion.

Three or more distinct propositions were made to him, over and over again, sometimes in different terms, but always aiming at the same purpose, which, in his opinion, if accomplished, would have been a virtual surrender into the hands of the Council, of the Prerogative of the Crown; and on this uniformly replying to these propositions in the negative, his refusal was each time followed by—"then we must resign"—or words to that purport, from one or more of the Council.

After the discussion of this question at so much length, being, as he hitherto conceived, the one on which the resignation of the Council rested, he is astonished at finding that it is now ascribed to an alleged difference of opinion in the theory of Responsible Government.

In the course of the conversations which both on Friday and Saturday, followed the explicit demand by the Council regarding the patronage of the Crown—that demand being based on the construction put by some of the gentlemen on the meaning of Responsible Government—different opinions were elicited on the abstract theory of that still undefined question, as applicable to a Colo-

ny: a subject on which considerable difference of opinion is known ever to prevail: but the Governor General, during these conversations, protested against its being supposed that he is practically adverse to the working of the system of Responsible Government, which has been here established—which he has hitherto pursued without deviation, and to which it is fully his intention to adhere.

The Governor General subscribes entirely to the Resolution of the Legislative Assembly of the 3d Sept. 1841, and considers any other system of Government, but that which recognizes responsibility to the people, and to the responsible Assembly, as impracticable in this Province.

No man is more satisfied that all government exists solely for the benefit of the people, and he appeals confidently to his uniform conduct, here and elsewhere, in support of this assertion.

If, indeed, by Responsible Government the gentlemen of the late Council mean that the Council is to be supreme, and the authority of the Governor a nullity, then he cannot agree with them, and must declare his dissent from that perversion of the acknowledged principle.

But if they mean that Responsible Government as established in the Colony, is to be worked out with an earnest desire to insure success, he must then express his surprise at their arriving at conclusions which he does not consider to be justified by any part of his conduct, and which he conceives his repeated declarations ought to have prevented. Allusion is made in the proposed explanation of the gentlemen of the late Council, to the Governor General having determined to reserve for the consideration of Her Majesty's Government, one of the Bills passed by the two Legislative Houses—that is, the Secret Societies Bill. If there is any part of the functions of the Government in which he is more than in any other, bound to exercise an independent judgment, it must be in giving the Royal assent to Acts of Parliament. With regard to this duty he has special instructions from Her Majesty to reserve every act of an unusual or extraordinary character. Undoubtedly the Secret Societies Bill answers that description, being unexampled in British Legislation.

The gentlemen of the late Council had his sentiments on it, expressed to them. He told them that it was an arbitrary and unwise measure, and not even calculated to effect the object it had in view.

He had given his consent to its being introduced into Parliament, because he had promised soon after the assumption of the Government, that he would sanction Legislation on the subject as a substitute for Executive measures, which he refused to adopt on account of their proscriptive character, although he deprecated the existence of Societies which led to foment religious and civil discord. The gentlemen of the late Council cannot fail to remember with what pertinacity those measures were pressed on him, and can hardly be unaware what would have followed at that time, if in addition to rejecting the proscriptive measures urged, he had refused to permit any Legislation on the subject. Permission to introduce a Bill cannot be properly assumed as fettering the judgment of the Governor with regard to the Royal assent, for much may happen during the passage of the Bill through the Legislature to influence his decision. In this case the Bill was strongly opposed and repudiated in the Assembly, but when it went to the Legislative Council, many of the members had seceded, and it did not come up from the House with the advantage of having been passed in a full meeting.

Taking these circumstances into consideration, together with the precise instructions of her Majesty, and the uncertainty of her Majesty's allowing such a Bill to go into operation, the Governor-General considered it to be his duty to reserve it for her Majesty's consideration, as it was much better that it should not go into operation until confirmed by her Majesty's Government, than that it should be discontinued after its operation had commenced.

In conclusion, the Governor-General protests against the explanation which these gentlemen propose to offer to Parliament, as omitting entirely the actual and prominent circumstances which led to their resignation: and as conveying to Parliament a misapprehension of his sentiments and intentions, which has no foundation in any part of his conduct, unless his refusal to make a virtual surrender of the Prerogative of the Crown to the Council, for party purposes, and his anxiety to do justice to those who were injured by the arrangements attending the Union, can be regarded as warranting a representation which is calculated to injure him without just cause, in the opinion of the Parliament and the people, on whose confidence he places his sole reliance for the successful administration of the Government.

Government House, Nov. 28, 1843.

LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY.

That was a striking moment in the life of Louis Philippe when, after the discussion of the declaration of principles, or bill of rights, was agreed to, the deputies proceeded in a body, and on foot, to the Palais Royal, to present that declaration to the Lieutenant-General, and to invite him to ascend the throne. I shall never forget either the fact or its curiosity, of beholding the deputies of France marching, with rapid strides, across the Pont Louis Seize, the Place de la Revolution, the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue St. Honore, and the Place of the Palais Royal, into the palace of the Orleans dynasty. The city was in a state of indescribable emotion. Factions were already agitating, the republicans were raising their voices, fears were entertained that civil war would soon rage in the provinces, anarchists were preaching the most licentious doctrines, public credit was gone, and misery and bankruptcy appeared to be inevitable. Reports either more or less exaggerated, reached the capital every hour, of risings in the west, the east, and the south; whilst rumors were afloat of alliances being formed to invade France and restore the eldest branch of the house of Bourbon. The Paris mob, and even the middling classes, assembled in the streets all the day long; remained in anxious conversation at the doors of the Chamber of Deputies, and beneath the windows of the Duke of Orleans' palace, and there discussed the past, the present, and the future. The scene of our own Victoria before the Privy Council, when at a tender age she was required to ascend the British throne, is always referred to by those present as one of a peculiarly striking character. And scarcely less so was that when, surrounded by his Duchess and a handsome, united, lovely family, the Duke of Orleans received at his palace the deputies of France, who arrived to offer him a vacant throne, but with a bill of rights. Lafitte read the resolutions of the Chamber, and the declaration of its desires. There was a solemn pause of about half a minute. Every one looked anxious, breathless, and concerned. The fate of France, and probably that also of Europe, were about to be decided. The Duke shed a few tears. They were honorable to his heart. He had been the happiest of subjects during fifteen years of the Restoration; but he was now to be torn from the endearments of social life, to encounter the hate, opposition, prejudices, and even the murderous attempts of those who hated order, peace, and the laws. His reply was brief. It was this:—"I receive the declaration which you now present to me with profound emotion. I regard it as the national will; and it appears to me to be in conformity with those political

principles which I have all my life professed. Impressed with recollections which have always made me desire that I might never be destined to ascend the throne; exempt from ambition, and accustomed to the peaceful life which I lead in my family, I cannot conceal the sentiments which agitate my heart in this great conjuncture; but there is one which is predominant—it is the love of my country. I feel what it prescribes to me, and shall not fail in the performance."

LOUIS AS A KING AND A FAMILY MAN.

Undoubtedly Louis Philippe is a king. To deny this would be to parody all the events and actions of his reign. Undoubtedly he is no puppet to be moved by strings, and no imaginary and unreal chief. Sometimes the conduct of Louis Philippe, in himself directing the affairs of the government, has exposed him to the charge of exceeding the usual powers and the accustomed conduct of a constitutional sovereign. This may be the case, and I am free to admit it. But any other conduct on his part, under all the circumstances in which France and Europe were placed by the Revolution of 1830 would have led to war, misery, and anarchy. That such men as M. Guizot, should, at various epochs of the reign of Louis Philippe, have sought to render his conduct and decisions more in harmony with a parliamentary government, is by no means surprising; but it is not the less true that that same M. Guizot is now in reality his prime minister, and that Louis Philippe still exercises his royal and august authority in all matters relating to the state. He hears, sees, examines, and knows all, and he is in reality the government, and the president of the council.

The severest trial of his long and valuable life was the death of his eldest son, the Duke of Orleans; but with admirable tact he has settled in his own lifetime the regency of his son's son, and has done all that human wisdom can effect to secure the perpetuity of the Orleans dynasty.

His "Marie," also, the princess of sculptors—the lovely, the interesting, and the intellectual Marie, has been removed from his side; but he has noble sons in Nemours, Joinville, D'Aumale, and Montpensier; and they would shed the last drop of their blood to defend, or to honor, their father.

His Louise is the happy queen of prosperous Belgium, and to her admirable husband and king, King Leopold, Louis Philippe is greatly attached. His opinions he receives almost with deference, and speaks of him in terms of affection and respect.

His Clementine is lately married, and his best wishes follow her to her less brilliant but happy home.

His faithful and devoted sister, Madame Adelaide, is still the constant companion of his varied life; and as together they descend towards the grave, they present the most perfect model of fraternal and sisterly affection I have ever privileged to behold.

Last, but dearest of all to his heart's best sympathies, is his inimitable queen Marie Amelie. His affection for her knows no bounds, and she is undoubtedly entitled to all that love which he has so long and so invariably displayed.

MARRIED.—On the 7th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Proal, Lincklaen Ledyard, of Cazenovia, and Helen C. Seymour, daughter of the late Henry Seymour, of Ulster.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 8 1-4 a 8 1-2 per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1843.

The correspondence, given in a recent number of the National Intelligencer, plainly shews that the petulant and impolitic threat of the Mexican Government in the contingency of the annexation of Texas to the United States, actually took place, with all the acrimony consistent with a diplomatic note; the threat based upon no better foundation than "abundant" proofs "furnished by the American press." A very pretty authority on which to found a national threat! A free press will animadvert on any subject which its several conductors may consider worthy of consideration, and give unstinted vent to its own views, yet all these may be honest but erroneous. Supposing them to be correct, however, they are not legally authorised, and he must be a lame politician who acts upon them. The answer of the American Minister at Mexico to so silly a tirade is in a becoming spirit, and well asserts the dignity of the United States. But finally we learn that the Mexican Minister at Washington repudiates the notion that offence was intended in the smallest degree. Thus therefore the matter will probably end, unless Santa Anna, whose brain seems to have been turned ever since his memorable Texan defeat, should be foolish enough to persist in his rhodomontades, in which case let him reap the consequences.

By the Kingston (Canada) Chronicle we perceive that Mr. Price moved a resolution in the House of Assembly, tantamount to a vote of confidence in the late ministry of Canada. In the course of the discussions which followed, Mr. Viger protested against the proceeding as informal, and also without the authority of the Governor General for making explanations. This was answered by Mr. Baldwin, who explicitly stated that permission had been given by his Excellency to make full explanations of the differences which led to the resignation of ministers. The discussions were warmly continued, but at length Mr. Price's motion was carried on a division, by 46 votes against 23. The following is a copy of the motion of Mr. Price.

"That an humble address be presented to his Excellency the Governor General, humbly representing to his Excellency the deep regret felt by this House at the retirement of certain members of the Provincial Administration, on the question of their right to be consulted on what the House unhesitatingly admits to be the prerogative of the Crown, the appointments to office; and further to assure his Excellency that their advocacy of that principle entitles them to the confidence of the House, being in strict accordance with the principles contained in the resolutions adopted by the House on the 3rd of September, 1841."

A counter-motion or entire "amendment" was proposed by Mr. Wakefield but it was unanimously rejected.

The Canadian Parliament was expected to be prorogued on the 6th inst.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY BALL AND SUPPER.—We would call the earnest attention of our readers to the advertisement, in our columns to-day, of the grand fête undertaken in aid of the Charitable funds of this excellent Society, the demands upon which are pressing beyond general belief, and the benefits conferred by which are great and of a moving description. It is the purpose of the mana-

gers to make this entertainment minister to elegant gratification as well as to the purposes of "heaven-born charity:" the arrangements will be of a superior description, every care will be taken to afford convenience, comfort, and accommodation; and, as far as we can learn, it will be a re-union of the most recherche description. It will take place on Friday the 29th inst., which will be just in time to avoid interference with the usual New-Year festivities, and to furnish agreeable matter for the gossip of New Year's day.

Cobourg, 30th November, 1843.

You will observe I write from Cobourg, having come here in the splendid mail steam packet Princess Royal, under the command of the gentlemanly Captain Colclough. We touched at Rochester, and I was much pleased to observe the formation of a new road and wharf on the opposite side of the river. This was very much wanted and is a great improvement, the old wharf being in such a dilapidated condition.

In all parts of Canada which I have yet seen, improvements go ahead with a rapid hand. In the town of Cobourg they have built a splendid new wharf, and 30 very fine brick houses have been put up this season. With a good many others, I have been frequently told that more improvements have taken place in Canada within the last 5 years than in any 20 years previous; and certainly from what I have seen I am of the same opinion. The seminary here is a very beautiful building and gives the town a fine appearance from the lakes.

Yours, &c. LEO.

OUR PLATE OF WASHINGTON.

We are delivering, with all convenient speed, the engraved Portrait of Washington which has been so long under the careful and skilful hands of its engraver Mr. Halpin; and we beg to inform our distant subscribers that copies will be forwarded to them at the earliest opportunities, consistent with the safe transmission which we flatter ourselves they deserve. We shall not here give our own eulogium of our own Present to subscribers, but, out of an immense number of notices before us we shall select a couple which seem to have resulted from close examination.

From the New York Democratic Review for December.

"The beautifully embellished newspapers of England, admirable as they undoubtedly are, are yet of inferior merit, as to scope at least, with some of the mammoth engravings which have been presented to the patrons of two journals of our own city—the Albion and the Anglo-American—remarkable both as works of art and as instances of liberality on the part of the publishers. Without attempting any inquiry into the matter of the apparent rivalry with the Journals in question in their selection of the same subject—that of Washington—a question with which the pen of criticism has nothing to do, we propose simply to speak of each according to its respective merits or defects. First then, we give our unqualified preference to the picture of the Anglo-American, by Halpin, both for its artistic skill, its superior drawing, and above all for its characteristic likeness, which we have collated with the best authorities extant of Trumbull, Stewart and others—were we disposed to find fault we should have preferred a little more brilliancy over the face; as it is, however, the whole Engraving is in admirable keeping, and the general effect most harmonious and pleasing;—a feature in the other singularly wanting. While therefore we award to that of the Albion, by Sadd, the credit of extreme care in the execution of the mechanical portion of the work, yet still there is an unpleasant effect produced on the eye of the artist by an injudicious arrangement of the light and shade. Without going into details, it is evident the subordinate portions of the picture are made far too obtrusive and prominent; but that which most seriously impairs the value of the whole, is the want of likeness—a feature, which one would have thought would have formed the artist's principal study."

From the Brooklyn Eagle of Dec. 2.

"PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.—The proprietors of the Anglo-American, we perceive, have commenced the delivery of their Portrait of Washington to subscribers. We have already spoken of this engraving as a beautiful and elaborate work of art, but will now state that a comparison of it with the original, by Stuart, from which it was copied by Halpin, of this city, has convinced us that it is, in all respects, a most excellent likeness. The features and general expression of the countenance alike indicate the moral sublimity of the man and the dignity of the magistrate. The accessories, though rich, are not overdone, and the whole is in good taste and keeping. Another portrait of Washington, (professedly copied from Stuart's picture) has been issued from the office of the Albion, and may be seen at Knight's, 78 Fulton Street. It is a very neat picture, but a bad likeness—reminding us rather of a fat English Rector, endeavouring to persuade his needy curate that £40 a-year is a good living, than of Washington, the great and good, addressing his countrymen. In our judgment, Halpin's Washington, is incomparably the best.

As these notices also mention a plate on the same subject issued by the proprietor of the Albion, it may be due to him to give here his own description of of his plate; it is as follows—

"NEW PLATE OF WASHINGTON.—The plate, by Mr. Sadd, which we are now issuing, is nearly double the size of either of our former engravings; the pictorial area, or the actually engraved portion, being two feet three inches in length by one foot eight inches in breadth. It is executed in mezzotint, in the first style of the art, and its effect is in the highest degree beautiful and imposing, and far surpasses all our former prints. The figure is full length, and exhibits Washington in his most elevated character, viz. when he had laid down his military authority, and appeared in his civic capacity as chief magistrate of the Republic. The table, books, chair, and other accessory parts, are exquisitely finished, and augment the general effect in an eminent degree. The columns and drapery form a striking and imposing background, and the skilful lifting of the curtain throws floods of light on all parts of the picture, in which the dark velvet dress of the figure is in splendid contrast. The attitude of the figure is graceful and striking; the right arm is extended, and he is supposed to be addressing Congress; while the calm dignity of the countenance lends an interest to the whole. As we have said in former notices, the print is copied from Heath's well known engraving, which was taken from a painting by Stuart, in the collection of the Marquis of Lansdown. Heath gained £14,000 by the engraving, and copies of it are to be found in the best collections extant.

"This is not one of the regular Albion plates, it is altogether beyond our usual size, and we became possessed of it through accidental and unexpected circumstances. It is, as may be supposed, very costly."

Touching the concluding paragraph of this last notice, however, we have a

few words to say. Our plate had been in the hands of the artist some four or five weeks, when the proprietor of the Albion made a special engagement with Mr. Sudd for the production of that one which is now published at the Albion office. We are aware of the actual sum to be paid for the work as well as of the arrangement that it was to be completed in a stipulated time, in order to forestall our publication. In short, we are cognisant of the entire transaction, and we aver that the expression, "we became possessed of it through accidental and unexpected circumstances," is a barefaced mistake. If our "accidental and unexpected" contemporary wishes the proof of this, we pledge ourselves to furnish it in an ample manner. Our plate has been in hands thirteen weeks longer than the other, and if a recent remark in the columns of the Albion be correct, that, in large works like these "to hurry the artist is to ensure imperfection," we perhaps have the reason why the Albion plate suffers in comparison, by the judgment of critics.

ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAYS.—In this age of improvements when new capabilities are poured like a flood upon the enquiring world, and when the moment they are propounded they are examined, tested, and applied to use, we need not apologise for calling attention to any thing that promises beneficial practical results. In such a category may now be placed Atmospheric Railroads, the principle of which has long been acknowledged as admirable in theory but visionary in practice. We refer our readers to an article on the subject in this day's Anglo American, which shows satisfactorily that the principle has been fairly carried out, and although on a comparatively small scale, but sufficiently evincing that there are no difficulties in its enlargement which are insurmountable.

In matters of this kind there are three great objects to be attended to; these may take rank in importance thus: 1st, Safety to human life and limb; 2d, Speed; 3d, Economy. If the report, in the article to which we refer, be a correct one, all these have been attained in an eminently satisfactory degree, and now only remains to enlarge the application of this new system. It is plain that the preliminary expenses of atmospheric railroads—by which we mean their preparation and construction—are much diminished below what they would be for railroads of the ordinary mode of propulsion, because the former can allow of carriages being propelled upon plains inclined to a degree which the latter could by no means surmount. Here is an important piece of economy in the outlay of capital, highly favourable to investment in this kind of undertaking. Not that it obviates altogether the necessity of levelling up or down; for it is notorious that abruptness of either height or depth, or both, must occur in the course of any projected road, of considerable length; but, slight inclinations are hardly hindrances, and the nature of the power itself is such that occasional retardations are compensated by accelerations without general delay in the journey, and without fear of danger to either the passengers or the trains.

Of safety from the danger of trains going off their course we have proof incidentally. The article informs us of curves of not more than 500 feet radius, and of a rapidity of transit equalling 40 miles per hour, yet, with such a centrifugal force as this must generate, a deviation never takes place. Here there is an excellent and proved new source of propulsion, giving speed, safety, and economy, and wanting little more improvement in its details, except a convenient mode of carrying forward from the action of one valve to that of another. At present it would seem that some little stoppage would take place at the end of every three, four, or five miles, which would be a great annoyance to impatient passengers, but there is little doubt that the engineers of two such enterprising countries as Great Britain and the United States, to whom such matters are of every day consideration, will speedily remedy so small a defect, and the Atmospheric Railway system will supercede those now in use.

The Drama.

PARK THEATRE.—Matters of interest have so multiplied upon our hands during the current week, that we are most unwillingly obliged to be very brief on the Drama. We have, however, already expatiated on the principal characters acted this time by Mr. Macready, and have little to add thereto. One new character he has given besides the *Melantius*, that namely of *Benedict*, which he could not perform during his first engagement for the want of a *Beatrice*. This has been well supplied by the acquisition of that excellent artiste, Miss Cushman.

It will be perceived that M. Ole Bull performs on Monday next at this theatre, and that the rest of the week will be mainly occupied with benefits.

Fine Arts.

We have, at this twelfth hour, received a copy of a most magnificent plate, engraved on Steel by the well-known artist, Mr. A. Dick. It is a representation of the splendid monument to the memory of Sir Walter Scott, in course of completion at Edinburgh. This tasteful and grand specimen of architecture and sculpture consists of a cenotaph, designed in the pointed gothic style, enriched up to its very apex with the grotesque tracery which appertains so peculiarly to that class of architectural art. The ground compartment of the cenotaph is open on all the four sides, and, in the middle, at the top of an ascent of six steps, is a statue of the great "Wizard" in the Roman toga, and in sitting position, upon a high pedestal. In the back ground is a portion of the city, and views of several public edifices are sufficiently indicated. Groups of figures occupy the fore and middle grounds thus constituting the subject both an accurate view and a pleasing picture. The cenotaph is 185 feet high.

We have had abundant reason from time to time to admire the fidelity and skill of Mr. Dick as an engraver, but never before have we seen so splendid or so beautiful a specimen of his talents. The plate, as nearly as we can guess,

cannot be of smaller dimensions than 32 by 24 inches, and the most minute examination serves but to prove that he has elaborated even the most inferior details. The Monument stands out in clear and broad relief, the minute particulars of this gothic style are scientifically wrought out, the back-ground is in excellent perspective, and he has rendered the sky greatly subservient to the production of scenic effect. We suppose that, of course, Old Country residents will avail themselves of the opportunity to possess so fine—and we believe so cheap—a plate; but indeed, as Scott belongs "not for a day, but to all time," and not to Britain only but to the whole civilized world, that this charming work will be liberally taken hold of by all who shall come to the knowledge of its existence. For our own part we do most warmly commend it, and think it would form a most acceptable New Year's present.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

MR. VIEUXTEMPS'S CONCERT.—At length this celebrated young Violinist has made his *coup d'essai* here. There had been considerable heart-burning and some ink-shed in the city, previous to the night of his first appearance; for many there were who had arrived at the conclusion that "the force of *viol* could no farther go," and that *Ole Bull* was the *ne plus ultra* of his profession. On the other hand were those who waited for facts ere they should make up their opinion, and who felt some indignation that *Ole Bull*, after the most prosperous success in his first series of concerts at the Park Theatre, should have chosen to give another concert on the very evening that Vieuxtemps had selected for his own. The latter part of the uneasiness was, however, set aside, by *Ole Bull's* postponement, although nearly at the eleventh hour, thus leaving the field open to his contemporary's efforts. We are glad that he did so, because it gave the stranger a fair chance; and, accordingly, on Monday evening, the great saloon of the Washington Hotel was crowded to excess. The hyperbolic expression that there were more persons in the room than it would hold, is so far literally true, that there were certainly persons supporting themselves on the shoulders of others, and there were numerous visitors standing on chairs, benches, &c., outside of the folding doors.

And well indeed did this yet young master realise the anticipations of his friends, and gratify the curiosity and taste of those who previously knew nothing of his powers. He gave us truly the *voix* of the violin, "from the lowest note to the top of its compass," he gave us the powers of the bow, from the most vigorous stroke to the most attenuated touch, and all with a sweetness and truth that defy rivalry. Shall we commit ourselves so far as to draw a comparison? We will, for "magna est veritas." We are satisfied that M. Vieuxtemps, considered throughout, is the greatest artist in his department that has ever yet been in America. Like all who are transcendent, he can afford to trifle and exhibit a few tinsel brilliances in his execution, but he does it sparingly and with an excellent grace; and the body of his performances is of a splendour, force, melody, and sweetness, or of a truthful harmony in his double stop or other compound effect, that actually suspend the breath of the hearers and make them lean the head forward to catch, if possible, some attenuated remains of sound, after the bow had ceased its function.

But as a composer, not less than as an artist, M. Vieuxtemps is distinguished. He commenced his concert with that remarkable concerto in F sharp minor, which has so greatly tended to establish his reputation. Many artists who had heard it in England were in pain for him, as desirous that he should have got over the emotion of a first appearance in a strange land before he introduced it, as the very first stroke of the bow in that piece was to make or mar it. But they were agreeably and greatly relieved. It was a full, clear, simple, and diminishing note, with the "down bow" requiring the utmost steadiness of nerve and unwavering smoothness. That note alone settled the matter, and all the hearers thenceforth gave themselves freely to the rapture which the evening's performance induced. We shall not here particularise everything he performed, but content ourselves for the present by remarking on the "Carnivale de Venezia," which he played, with variations by Paganini, Ernst, Sivori, and himself. Those of the mighty master first named, he had he good fortune to use sparingly, for, after all, Paganini continues unapproached.

In one of his pieces he was accompanied on the Pianoforte by his sister, Mdle. Vieuxtemps, concerning whom we shall take a distinct paragraph, as she played again last night in a more important grade. The Band for the occasion was a very full one; they played the overture to Weber's "Preciosa," and that of the "Diamans de la Couronne," in good style.

CONCERT FOR THE FUNDS OF THE FRENCH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.—This was given at the Washington Hotel on Tuesday evening. It was sustained by that delightful vocalist, Mdme. Cinti Damoreau, together with Artôt on the violin, and Signor Casella (his first appearance) on the Violoncello. Of the former two, of this musical force, we have already freely spoken, and well indeed did they sustain their celebrity upon this occasion. Cinti Damoreau, that queen of vocal execution, was in excellent voice and perfectly charmed the crowded audience; and as for Artôt, in the quality of sweetness and *cantabile* execution he left nothing to be wished for. At the close of the first part, having played an *air varié en Mi majeur*, he was so vehemently applauded that he came forward and, instead of repeating it, he played some very favourite variations, including the celebrated *tremolo*, from a *motif* by Beethoven.

Signor Casella is a fine artist, and, as he played his own music we can add that he is a fine musician. In his performances he does not so greatly aim at the execution of difficulties—though he gave a few specimens of them—as in the production of sweet and melodious effects. He was loudly and most deservedly applauded in both the pieces which he played on the occasion, but more particularly on the latter, which was a graceful Polacca.

Copies of the following lines were distributed round the room in the course of the evening :—

A MME. CINTI DAMOREAU ET A JOSEPH ARTOT.

AU CONCERT DE LA SOCIÉTÉ DE BIENFAISANCE FRANÇAISE DE N.Y.

12 Décembre 1843.

Qu'ils sont purs vos accents aux cadences perlées !
C'est une chaîne d'or, de roses, de rubis,
Éclat éblouissant ! richesses accouplées !....
Mais hélas ! c'est l'éclair qui des casques fourbis
Jaillit et disparaît.... Par bonheur, en notre âme
Restent les souvenirs et les traces de flamme
Des doux tressaillements par notre cœur subis !

Jetez un seul regard sur la foule attentive :
Notre âme s'électrise et ne vit qu'en vos chants ;
Forte oreille, enchaînée au son qui la captive,
Voudrait éterniser la note fugitive
Dont les accords sont si touchants !

Pour nous ta méthode sublime,
Cinti, semble émaner du ciel :
L'inspiration qui l'anime
Est aussi douce que le miel.

Artot, ton violon de Crémone,
Ton Stradivarius résonne
L'harmonie naît sous tes doigts ;
Ton instrument est une voix
Dont chaque note a sa couronne !

Vos accords, vibrés ou rapides,
Se succèdent, toujours limpides,
Comme autant de grains de cristal,
Ou comme des perles solides
Qui font résonner le métal !

Enfin, ce qui grandit encore votre auréole,
C'est, qu'entre l'intérêt et le cœur balloté,
Votre talent n'a pas un instant hésité
A l'appel du malheur auquel, noble parole !
Vous revenez jeter vos chants comme une obole,
Dans l'urne de la charité.

M. OLE BULL'S CONCERT AT THE TABERNACLE.—This took place on Wednesday evening, and the artist well proved that he had acted wisely in postponing it from Monday. This large edifice, in which fully 3000 persons can be seated in pews, was filled to repletion, aisles and all. It was generally estimated to contain at least 4000 persons on this occasion, and the artist was thus amply compensated for his self-denial. We can only here say that he completely sustained his high reputation, and believe that no small portion of emoluments sprang from a sense of his propriety in withdrawing opposition from his competitor.

*. On Thursday evening the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini, and other grand musical works, were performed at the Tabernacle for the Benefit of certain Catholic Benevolent purposes ; and last night M. Vieuxtemps gave his second concert at the Washington hotel. These two we are not able to notice in the present number.

On Wednesday the 27th inst. the New York Vocal Society will give their first concert ; we shall enlarge on this subject next week, and trust that it will be fully attended.

Literary Notices.

PRESCOTT'S "HISTORY OF MEXICO." Vol. II. New York : Harpers. It was but last week that we announced the first volume of this magnificent work. It is quickly followed by the second, and we believe the whole will be completed in time to supply a splendid new year's present. This volume contains a fine portrait of Montezuma, and a map of Mexico at the period of its conquest by Cortez. Of the quality of the text it would be idle to speak.

GEOGRAPHICAL AND TOPOGRAPHICAL ATLAS.—London. Published by the London Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. New York. Edmund Baldwin, 155 Broadway.—In the whole circle of Geographical works, we believe that no equal is to be found to this on which we are now remarking. For comprehensiveness of plan, size of plate, beauty of execution, and cheapness, it is altogether unrivalled. The work has been published in numbers, of which there have been 103, each containing two maps ; since its commencement it has been found advisable to give a second and greatly improved map of London, and another map of China, including all the additional information afforded through the late expedition. These, together with a copious index, are completed in London, and will be ready for the completion of sets on this side of the Atlantic as early as they can be imported. It must be observed that this Atlas consists of subjects from Ancient Geography, Modern Geography, Plans of about fifty cities, including New York, Maps of Stars, &c. &c. It is well deserving of a place in every library as the positions are carefully placed from the most valued authorities, and the greatest attention has been paid to correctness and beauty in the details. We learn that the New York publisher does not intend to import largely at present of this invaluable work, but rather for the completion of sets already in progress, or sets that may be immediately ordered in full ; we would therefore advise scientific and curious persons to make application to Mr. Baldwin without delay, if they wish to avoid either disappointment or suspense.

MATILDA.—By Eugene Sue.—Translated by W. H. Herbert.—New York.—Winchester.—The third and concluding number of this elegant translation is now published. It does great honor both to the author and the translator.

THE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.—By Eugene Sue.—The ninth number of Winchester's edition is out, the tenth and concluding number will be issued next week.

THE LADIES' COMPANION, OR PEOPLE'S ANNUAL FOR 1841.—This elegant work consists of the twelve numbers of the Magazine from November 1842 to October 1843 inclusive ; with 36 steel engravings, and 12 pieces of Music. The volume well deserves to be called an "Annual," for in every thing relating to it, it is a fit ornament to the drawing-room table. It is elegantly bound in embossed muslin, gilt, and lettered. Published by W. W. Snowden, Fulton Street.

No! is a useful word—be not afraid to use it. Many a man has pined in misery for years, for not having courage to pronounce that little monosyllable.

No snow falls lighter than the snow of age ; but none is heavier, for it never melts.

"Never judge from manners," says Lord Byron, "for I once had my pocket picked by the civillest gentleman I ever met with."

THE MYSTERY UNVEILED.—After looking through green spectacles for some time, white paper appears red ; and after looking through red spectacles, white paper appears green. There are only three original colours in nature, blue, red and yellow. All the rest are compounds ; white is a mixture of all. Now, in looking long at the red, the eye becomes tired ; so that when the white, which contains all the three, is presented to it, it obstructs or overlooks the red ; and the blue and yellow alone being left, the paper appears green ; for blue and yellow make green. So after looking through green, it abstracts the blue and yellow (or green) from the paper, and the red is left. On the same principle, if you look through yellow spectacles, the white will afterwards appear purple ; for blue and red the complement of yellow make purple. After looking through blue spectacles, the white appears orange, or red and yellow, and so on. This is a law of nature, which leads to a knowledge of harmony in colours : blue makes the finest contrast to orange, and red to green.

"Why on earth don't you get up earlier my son ?" said an anxious father to his sluggish boy—"don't you see the flowers even spring out of their bed at the early dawn ?" "Yes, father," said the boy, "I see they do, and I would do the same, if I had as dirty a bed as they have."

CURIOUS INVENTION FOR DISCOVERING METALS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WATER.—Lieut. Ramslett, of the Russian navy, has made this important discovery. He finds if there is any kind of metal at the bottom of the sea or in rivers, by means of a galvanic pile, of which the two isolated conductors are directed to the bottom of the water, where they are brought close together, without coming into absolute contact. When the inferior extremities of these metallic threads touch a metal, it puts them into communication, and establishes a galvanic current in the conductors, the existence of which is made manifest to the observer by the declination of a compass placed under one of the threads. When this is ascertained, it is easy, by means of a needle, which can be slid down to the point intimated, to tell whether the metal is iron. The application of this discovery to archæology is much dwelt upon ; as by its application, like soundings, in the Rivers of the vast old Roman empire, it will readily appear where and what treasures of metallic art are imbedded there. It reminds us of the remarkable practice of finding out mines by the use of a divining-rod.

EFFICACY OF BATHING IN CERTAIN MORBID STATES OF THE MIND.—Judging from the beneficial effects of cold and warm water bathing in cases of mental irritation caused by cerebral disease, I should feel disposed to consider that the steady use of these remedial agents would, in incipient derangement of the mind, be accompanied by the happiest results. It is much to be lamented that the practice of regular systematic bathing is not recommended and adopted in this country. The state of the mind is closely dependent upon the condition of the cutaneous secretion. I would advise those who are subject to mental depression, hypochondriasm, vapours, ennui, or by whatever term it may be designated, to try the effect of bathing. I feel assured that in many cases violent attacks of insanity may be warded off by the use of the warm or cold bath. In cerebral irritation, evidently the result of vascular excitement, bathing the head regularly every morning with cold water, or vinegar and water, will be found highly serviceable. F. Winslow's Health of Body and Mind.

A Scotch drover, on being asked what he thought of men and manners in England, promptly replied that he was "every day meeting with men who had nae manners ava!"

True Duellists.—A young man of nineteen presented himself a few days ago, (says the *Droit*), at the Hotel Dieu, to have a wound in the shoulder dressed, which he asserted he had received in a duel. The flesh was so dreadfully torn that the surgeons were at a loss to conceive how any ball could produce so violent an effect. When they extracted the body which remained in the wound, it was found to be a tailor's thimble. The authorities having been informed of the matter, proceeded to the hospital and interrogated the wounded man. He stated that his name was Carpentier, and that he was a journeyman tailor. On the day of the duel he met in the Champs Elysees another tailor, named Duprez, residing at Sevres, with whom he had been for a long time on bad terms, for having deprived him of a mistress. He challenged him to fight, and each party having a pistol about him, they proceeded to a retired spot near the Barrière de l'Etoile. On getting to the ground, they found they had no balls, so Duprez put in a thimble, and he a pebble. They then took their places at ten paces' distance, and fired, on a signal agreed to. He received the shot in the shoulder, and, in turn, wounded his adversary in the ear. An inquiry was instituted into the matter by the authorities, but nothing has been discovered to bear out Carpentier in his assertions, as no such person as Duprez is known at Sevres. It is also thought strange that each person should have been provided with a pistol, though meeting by chance.

Strange Story.—We find the following rather strange story in the *National*.—The Duke de L., wishing to proceed some days back to one of his estates in Normandy, was persuaded to go by the Paris and Rouen Railroad. He had his carriage placed on a wagon, and remained in it with a servant. He soon fell fast asleep, but as everything must have an end, he at last awoke, and was surprised to find himself in the dark. He thought it was the effect of his drowsiness, and rubbed his eyes. He then put his head out of the window to ask his servant the explanation of this state of things, but the valet knew no more than his master, and it was not for some time that they perceived that the wagon having been detached from the train, they had been left under the tunnel of Rolleboise. The danger was imminent, for another train was soon to arrive in the subterraneous road, and would crush the unfortunate carriage. They called out, hoping to be heard and succored, but no person came. To add to their misfortune, they soon heard a locomotive coming up. The position was dangerous, and the Duke thought his last hour was at hand, when the machine, stopping at some distance, the conductor announced to the travellers that he had received orders to take them to the end of their journey, which they finished without accident, but not without emotion.

ON A DOVE,

Which alighted in the ship's rigging, whilst at sea.
Written on board the packet ship *Ashburton*.

Bound on stately vessel! Oh! long may'st thou be
The Pride of the West, the bright gem of the sea!
Old Ocean heaves proudly beneath thy light form,
Whilst her gallant commander e'en guards us from harm.

Graceful barque! the dark storm-fiend with clouds may surround thee,
Still onward thy course, his storms fail to confound thee!—
Behold! How the sea-god in pledge of his love,
From the foam of the billow has sent thee a dove,
And taught the young stranger to seek in thy breast
Midst the howl of the tempest, its home, and its nest!!!

Then on gallant barque! Be propitious, each star!
Let Hope's beacon burn for us brighter than ever,
Humanity's soul lulls the element's war—
So hail to our ship and her captain for ever!!!

E. K.

Varieties.

FRIGHTFUL PROSPECT FOR THE WINTER.—It has been announced in the *Times* that no less than 167 Articled Clerks have applied for admission as Attorneys!

POLICE INTELLIGENCE EXTRAORDINARY.—The whole of the New Road has been taken up.

METAPHYSICS FOR THE MILLION.—LOVE.—Love is a state of being and not-being; for somebody, though if he does not choose to love at all, he need not love anybody, must, if he loves, love somebody; and nobody necessarily loves nobody.

Since somebody loves somebody, and nobody loves nobody, love is a relation between somebody and somebody, and nobody and nobody, respectively.

Now, the relation between nobody and nobody must be the same as the relation between somebody and somebody. For a relation cannot be a thing and not a thing; and if the relation between somebody and somebody be a thing, that between nobody and nobody must be a thing, too; which is absurd.

Therefore, since a relation which is nothing is beyond our ideas, love is not, as has been alleged, the theme of the minstrel, but of the transcendental idealist. So that a poet, to sing about love, must necessarily be a madman; his eye moving in a splendidly insane orbicularity, and his pen bestowing a nomenclature and a residence upon gaseous non-entity, as our friend Lord William would say.

Thus we see that love is a non-entity,—which accounts for the vain attempts of philosophers to define it.

How odd it is that a non-entity should raise sighs, draw tears, break hearts, occasion bloodshed! How singular that it should pinch waists, tighten boots, and reform tailors' bills! What a strange being is mortal man!

COROLLARY.—Love being a non-entity, and non-entities not admitting of mutual differences, consequently there is no difference between love, commonly so called, and the love of a good dinner. And further, the heart that loves a good dinner is a heart that truly loves.

Punch.

An elderly maiden lady, in Essex, has imbibed such an extreme horror of Popery, that she has renounced the Cardinal virtues.

SPANISH EXPLOSIONS.—An experimental Philosopher informs us, that having begun fires last Wednesday, he placed a row of Spanish chestnuts on the top bar of his parlour grate, and after a short interval, several of them pronounced.

A NEW ITEM.—It is whispered in the literary circles, that a certain Bookseller and Publisher, besides debiting the Author of a New Work with presentation copies, of every critical periodical in existence, has charged one to be sent to the "Court of Review."

Punch.

A MAN OF BUSINESS.—A gentleman was in treaty with a London horse-dealer for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by 10l. Next morning, however, making up his mind to offer to split the difference, he posted off to the stable-yard, where the first person he met was the groom. "Master up, Joe!" said he. "No, master be dead," said Joe, "but he left word for you to have the mare."

In reply to numerous inquiries as to what has become of the Albert hat—or at least, those that were manufactured before the baton of *Punch* demolished the project of using them for military purposes—we beg to state, that we have seen one used as a scarecrow in a field near Uxbridge. On applying to a farmer for the result, we find, that of two fields sown with wheat, one of which was protected by an ordinary gossamer, and the other by the Albert hat, the grain in the latter has sprung up as four to one of the former. It has been remarked that the crows, after a time, became reconciled to the every-day *chapeau*; but that they ran away shrieking with horror from the Albert hat, and never ventured to return to it. It is whispered that the Prince had the interests of agriculture in his eye when he designed this hat; but not wishing to offend the League, he took this indirect method of serving the farmers.

Punch.

Taking for data the well-known proverb, that "one fool makes many," it is required to find the product of Sir Peter Laurie.

A CORRECT ANSWER.—"Madam, do you think frockcoats are becoming garments?" "No, Sir, they are garments already."

HOROLOGICAL IRREGULARITY.—St. Clement's clock has set a very bad example to the time-pieces of the Metropolis, the one in the Burlington Arcade having obstinately stopped at twenty minutes after eight, closely followed by two illuminated ones in its vicinity. Should this epidemic continue we have no doubt a lively impetus will be given to the Nottingham trade by the manufacture of stockings with clocks to them, upon which the wearers can depend.

The *United Service Gazette* informs its readers that "Her Majesty's 4th Foot at present suffers severely from sickness." The nation will be much shocked to hear that her gracious Majesty is a quadruped.

THE PLAYER AND THE PUBLICAN.—Foote, travelling in the west of England, dined one day at an inn. When the cloth was removed, the landlord asked him how he liked his fare? "I have dined as well as any man in England," said Foote. "Except Mr. Mayor," cried the landlord. "I do not except anybody whatever," said he. "But you must," bawled the host. "I won't." "You must." At length the strife ended in the landlord taking Foote before the Mayor; who observed that it had been customary in that town, for a great number of years, always to except Mr. Mayor, and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to this ancient custom. Upon this decision Foote paid the shilling, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord was the greatest fool in Chistendom—except—Mr. Mayor.

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

ENGRAVED IN ORIGINAL AND VERY SUPERIOR STYLE FOR
THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

We have at length the pleasure to announce that our long-promised engraving of WASHINGTON is out of the hands of the distinguished engraver, Mr. J. Halpin, to whose skill it was confided, and that it will be ready for delivery in the course of a few days. We have examined it with pleasure and pride, and notwithstanding the bias which every one is believed to have in favour of that which is his own, we do not hesitate to affirm that it is by far the best executed portrait of Washington that has been engraved in the United States. It is a literal copy from the Painting, by the celebrated American artist, Gilbert Stuart, which at present adorns the State house at Hartford, Connecticut, and which has been pronounced by many, who knew the great American patriot in his latter years, as a most correct likeness. The price of such an engraving, under ordinary circumstances, would be considerably greater than that of a year's subscription to THE ANGLO AMERICAN, but the number of copies which we venture to presume will be required, induce us to enter upon so expensive an enterprise. We must, however, be distinctly understood when we say that this plate of WASHINGTON cannot be given to any but to present subscribers who have paid their full year in advance, and to new Subscribers who shall pay for a full year or more in advance. It must be obvious that to none other can so expensive a present be afforded. The price to non-subscribers will be upon the lowest scale that circumstances will permit, namely—Prints, two dollars—Proofs, three dollars.

Park Theatre.

MONDAY EVENING, December 18, 1843.—Last Concert of M. OLE BULL at the Park Theatre.

TUESDAY—Ticket Night—a variety of entertainments.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. Hunt's Benefit.

THURSDAY—A Comedy and other entertainments.

FRIDAY—Mr. Chippendale's Benefit.

SATURDAY—A variety of entertainments.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

THE SECOND ANNUAL BALL AND SUPPER in aid of the Charitable Fund of the St. George's Society, will take place at Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, on Friday evening the 29th Dec. Tickets, to admit a Gentleman and two Ladies, \$5. Extra Lady's tickets \$2. Single Gentlemen's tickets \$6, may be obtained of—

Joseph Fowler, Esq., President, 57 Wall-st.
R. N. Tinson, Esq., 1st Vice-President, 177 Broadway.

John Taylor, Jr., Esq., 2d Vice-President, 72 Beaver-street.
A. Barclay, Esq., H. B. M. Consul, Exchange Building.

T. Dixon, Esq., 51 William-st.
James Chesterman, Esq., 710 Broadway.
Charles B. Elliman, Esq., 311 Pearl-st.
Henry Owen, Esq., 91 John-st.
Edmund Baldwin, Esq., 155 Broadway.
J. K. Bradbury, Esq., 72 Beaver-st.
Henry C. Hobart, Esq., 59 Wall-st.
James Stokes, Esq., 57 Broad-st.

Dec. 16-21.

R. Pennell, Esq., M. D., 94 Chamber-st.
J. W. Bradshaw, Esq., M. D., 17 Murray-st.
Alfred Waller, Esq., 130 Pearl-st.
John Warrin, Esq., 72 Maiden Lane.
John Campbell, Esq., Brooklyn.
Henry Norris, Esq., 40 Pine-st.
James B. Elliman, Esq., 211 Pearl-st.
W. D. Cuthbertson, Esq., 61 Water-st.
E. W. Canning, Esq., 6 William-st.
Henry Jessop, Esq., 91 John-st.
Septimus Crooks, Esq., 91 John-st.
E. W. Hoskin, Esq., Albion Office.
Robert Bage, Esq., 143 Water-st.
James Sheward, Esq., 104 John-st.
J. R. Walters, Esq., 296 Broadway.

BOUQUETS.—W. RUSSELL, Florist, &c., Henry-st., near the South Ferry, Brooklyn respectfully informs his friends and the Public, that he can supply them with Bouquets, Cut Flowers, &c., of the best qualities, and at the lowest prices of the Season.—Orders left at the Garden, or at Mr. W. Jackson's Bookstore, 177 Broadway, N.Y., will be punctually attended to. Early notice will particularly oblige W. R. Dec. 16,

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber begs to call the attention of the TRADE to his Stock of the above well known and highly esteemed Pens, consisting in part of the following—

The "Principality Pen," No. 1, extra fine points.
Do do do 2, fine do
Do do do 3, medium do

The design of this Pen is to give a beautiful degree of elasticity, at the same time it possesses sufficient strength to render it durable; by varying the fitness of the points, it is hoped the different styles of hand writing may be suited.

Joseph GilloTT's Caligraphic Pen, No. 8—a first quality article, on cards. Each package of a groce, contains six highly finished vignettes, as follows:—
Abbotsford, Stratford-upon-Avon,
Newstead Abbey, Kenilworth Castle,
The Pavilion, Brighton, The Custom House, and St Paul's Cathedral, London.

No. 9 and 10—The WASHINGTON PEN, very superior for its elasticity and delicacy of point; observe, this article is ornamented with an embossed head of Washington. The quality of the above is equal to any ever offered in the U. States, and they are put up in a style of

UNSURPASSED ELEGANCE.

Also, on hand, a complete stock of old favorite Pens, viz:—
Patent, Magnum Bonum,
Victoria, Damascus,
Eagle, New York Fountain,
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